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"Winter Scene"—Vallecitos, Mendoza, Argentina

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MEMO FROM THE EDITORS

● The problems, needs, and functions of the university in Latin America and in the United States are analyzed and compared from different points of view in the two articles that make up our lead this month. The author of the first, "The University and Society," is Francisco Miró Quesada, a professor of philosophy, specializing in the philosophy of mathematics, at San Marcos University, one of the oldest in the Hemisphere. He is also editor of the weekly literary supplement of the Lima newspaper *El Comercio*. Robert J. Havighurst, who wrote the companion piece "How the University Works," is a professor of education at the University of Chicago. This article is a condensation of one that appears in issue number 18 of *La Educación*, a quarterly publication of the Education Division, Department of Cultural Affairs, of the Pan American Union, a number specially devoted to a comparative study of higher education in these two areas. Professor Havighurst wrote the paper to summarize the points brought out in a seminar attended by a number of leading Latin American educators, sponsored by his university in cooperation with the Conference Board of Associated Research Councils and the U.S. State Department.

● "My Grandfather's Brave Songs" on page 11, by Amado Muro, is about one of the ballad singers of the Mexican Revolution—his own grandfather. Born in Parral, Mexico, Muro moved to El Paso, Texas, at the age of nine. Long-time readers of AMÉRICAS may recall three other articles he has contributed, reminiscing about other members of the family and neighbors.

● J. David Bowen, a free-lance writer now on an extended trip through Mexico, Central America, and South America, came upon an unusual conservation project in the Caribbean that involves some major biological mysteries. We hope that the efforts "To Save the Green Turtle" (page 14) will be crowned with success. Let not our "soup of the evening, beautiful soup" be a mockery.

● Ecuadorian journalist and art critic Matilde de Ortega, of the PAU Editorial Division, discussed Argentine painter Mario Pucciarelli's work with him when his one-man show was held at the Pan American Union. See her account on page 18.

● Some of the boldest and most original thinking in modern architecture has drawn world attention to the work of a small group of contemporary Brazilians. Sérgio Bernardes, the newest member of this elite architectural company, was interviewed by AMÉRICAS staff member Flora L. Phelps, who has followed the development of modern architecture with great personal interest. (See "Space with Meaning," page 24.)

● Dorothy Nichols, music and drama reviewer for the *Palo Alto Times* in California, describes a little-known music festival on page 31.

● Daniel de la Vega, a Chilean who has been writing stories, essays, plays, and poems since 1911, wrote our Christmas story, "Gift of the Wise Men," (page 22). The illustration is a Christmas present from Georgiana Compton, a sixth grade elementary school student in Silver Spring, Maryland.

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THE UNIVERSITY SOUTH AND NORTH

TWO VIEWS OF HIGHER EDUCATION IN LATIN AMERICA AND IN THE UNITED STATES

1. THE UNIVERSITY AND SOCIETY

FRANCISCO MIRÓ QUESADA

ANYONE LOOKING AT the similarities and differences between the U.S. university (I include the colleges in this general term) and the Latin American university soon becomes aware of a fact that is both fundamental and startling: The most radical distinction between the two is in their social roles. There are many similarities between the two institutions, and many differences. All the similarities arise from their common origin in western culture, an origin that is closely bound to a philosophical concept of culture and of reason as an autonomous faculty. Differences are found in most aspects of the university: in teaching methods, the curricula, contact between the universities and other institutions, the types of examinations, the number and requirements of academic degrees and titles, and in the relations between students and professors and among students themselves. But these differences are all details, compared to the fundamental distinction in the social role of the university; that is, the way society sees the university, the criteria by which it judges and evaluates the university, and what it hopes and expects of it. This difference in values is the essential thing, because it is the only thing that cannot be changed arbitrarily. All the other differences may disappear. The university of Latin America or of the United States may take as much as it likes from the other, but no matter how much it adopts, its community will not see it in the same way the other community views its university. Moreover, as we shall see, the widest divergences, for example, in the relations among students and between students and professors, stem fundamentally from this basic difference in the judgments made by the two societies.

To what should we ascribe this difference in values? What does the university mean to the common man in the United States and to his counterpart in Latin America? The difference in meaning arises from the difference in function within the social complex. The social processes may be thought of as a structure, as a whole composed of interrelated parts that influence each other in varying degrees. The importance of any one part may be measured by how strongly and how broadly it influences the other parts. In this sense it is quite accurate to say that the Latin American university exercises a much more important function within its society than does the U.S. university.

Note that this is not a value judgment on my part. I do not in any way imply that the one type of university

is superior to the other. I shall frequently refer to value judgments as social phenomena. But these references will be merely descriptive, not evaluative. We are interested here in ascertaining a set of facts, of truths, not in determining superiorities.

To the Latin American, the university is an institution of exceptional importance precisely because it is an institution of exceptional influence. To the individual in the United States, on the other hand, the university is just one among many equally influential institutions.

Why is the influence of the Latin American university so outstanding? Because the society sees it as the crucible in which the political ideas that will orient and guide its future are formed and refined. The life of society as a whole depends, ultimately, on the prevailing political ideas. An institution with a dominating influence over the political ideas of the citizens will therefore be exceptionally important. In most of the Latin American countries, the university has great prestige and political weight.

In the United States we find a different situation. This does not mean that the university there does not have prestige. A university student or graduate is highly regarded; but it does not follow that the university is thought of as an institution that has a primary influence on the life of the country. An academic degree is appreciated because it is thought of as representing a better preparation for success in life. Generally speaking, the university in the United States is an instrument for training young people for the struggle of life. It is also a center of research and cultural creativity. But whatever its actual activity may be, it is thought of as primarily an

Author Francisco Miró Quesada (extreme left) talks with U.S. students at Oberlin College, Ohio



institution that must serve society, that must help society achieve its goals. Even in its highest aspects, its scientific research and its contributions to culture, it is considered a service institution. And a service institution is judged as an instrument for realizing predetermined goals that have been established by means that are not a part of its own structure.

In Latin America the university is also an institution that serves society. It serves the young people by giving them professional training. It serves society by promoting its general objectives. But, above and beyond this, it is always thought of as an institution that can and must set the ends to be pursued by the society it serves. The social group that creates and maintains the university considers it perfectly natural that the university should be capable of determining the highest aims and final goals of society. In other words, it accepts the proposition that the political ideologies of a society should be developed in the university.

In contrast, society in the United States does not appear to accept this possibility. The university as an institution does not seem to have a decisive influence on the prevailing political ideologies in the United States. A much larger role is played by economic, religious, and civic institutions. The university not only lacks any political influence, but if it attempted to exercise any it would be rebuffed. The society considers the university as an institution created by the community to serve it, and direct intervention in the setting of political aims is not one of the services desired. Society sets its goals in other ways.

We have said that in Latin America the university is an institution that can and must point out the ultimate goals of society. In this role its function goes beyond the purely instrumental, which is limited to ways and means of achieving goals, not determining them. For this reason, the Latin American university has a directive function, a truly constitutive function in its society. But we must not think that the Latin American university, as an academic entity, exercises this function directly. There is no department devoted to studying the possible goals of the society and deciding which should be adopted. To think of the Latin American university in that way would be to see it in terms of the U.S. instrumental concept.

In general, the political function of the Latin American university is exercised as an intermediary between the students and society. Academic life follows a course parallel to that in all universities. But it is in the relation between the students and politics that the basically directive function of the university is revealed, sometimes dramatically. In Latin America it is felt that political ideologies should be developed by university people, by people who have been trained there or by people who are or have been distinguished professors. In a word: the leaders in political thought are the intellectuals. They are the ones naturally called upon to construct the social ideology and, in many cases, to put it into effect. And the intellectual is, in Latin America, integrally aligned with the university.

In the United States, the businessman seems to have

the most influence in the political world. Many businessmen are, of course, university graduates. But this fact seems to contribute very little to their political influence. What gives it strength and vigor is that they are important men in the business world.

In Latin America, in contrast, it is a political handicap to belong to the business world. This doesn't mean that a businessman may not enter politics. It means only that when he does he must have other merits, because being a businessman will contribute nothing to his popular prestige. It may increase his influence on a personal level and help with the propaganda machinery and in many aspects of a political campaign, but in no way can it be a source of prestige. If an industrial magnate attempts to be elected with no qualifications other than his business status, it is almost impossible for him to be blessed with the popular vote. But in the United States he would have a head start. He would certainly need additional qualifications, but his prominence in business would be considered one of the most important.

As a matter of fact, most of the political ideologies in Latin America have come out of the universities. Many of the Presidents today are distinguished scholars (Frondizi in Argentina, López Mateos in Mexico, Lleras Camargo in Colombia). It is so important for popular success to be an intellectual and a university man that people who do not have these qualifications invent them. A revealing case is that of Perón, one of the few military men who has been elected by popular vote in Latin America. Soon after he came to power he felt the immediate necessity of having his own ideology, with a respectable philosophical basis, and he surrounded himself with a team of university men under the leadership of Father Benítez in order to create a new political doctrine, which they called *justicialismo*, derived from "social justice." The group of intellectuals who developed his doctrine did not belong to the highest intellectual circles of Argentina, because the university world had rejected Perón's methods. Still, it was made up of persons who had some intellectual qualifications, and it created a doctrine that, in spite of its limitations, bore the classic marks of a Latin American ideology.

Here is another very important example: The Mexican Government has now called upon the distinguished philosopher Leopoldo Zea to lead the ideological movement of the revolutionary party, which is the most important political party in the country. An event like this is simply inconceivable in the United States. There it would be considered absurd for a philosophy professor to be chosen by the president to be in charge of formulating the important goals of society.

But there is much more. Recently in Peru, a demonstration organized by university students, originated and planned by them, forced a cabinet minister to resign. All the political activities of students and professors have public repercussions. If the important professors of a Latin American university publish a political document criticizing the government, or supporting some political candidate, there is not the least doubt that such a document will have a powerful impact upon public opinion.

Once a fact has been established and sufficiently analyzed, we must inevitably look for the cause. It is surprising that an institution that is, in its organization and in its immediate aims, more or less similar in both Americas, should show such differences in significance and status. It is all the more surprising when we look at Europe, the source of the modern idea of the university. The prestige of the intellectual is greater there than it is in the United States. It is also true that the majority of the great European political leaders and thinkers are university men. But a university or intellectual background does not weigh so heavily in European politics as in Latin America. Moreover, the university as an institution does not carry any political weight, that is, it cannot exercise political influence through the collective voice of its professors and students. The university students are not continually preoccupied with politics, as they are in Latin America, and the European universities are not political battlegrounds, as ours are.

What causes this tremendous political emphasis that colors all our university life in Latin America?

It is difficult to speak with authority about the causes of this very interesting phenomenon, without being a professional historian and sociologist. The following considerations are offered as a working hypothesis, subject to later verification.

The Latin American university originated as an institution created by the will of the Crown. Although at the beginning it was intended that the whole society should participate in its benefits, the university soon became an aristocratic institution where only the sons of the upper class might study. For this reason the university has had a special stamp of distinction there since its beginning. To belong to the university is to belong to the elite.

Ever since it was established, the aims of the Latin American university have been cultural. The university rendered a service, but primarily it was an expression of the highest culture. Here one studied theology, philosophy, and mathematics. Here one studied science for science's sake and culture because it was a supreme value, worthy of being followed in its own right. And so it was natural that the privileged ones who had passed through its halls should be considered particularly qualified to direct the political life of the society. Once freed from Spain, Latin America democratized her universities. But the former prestige remained. In principle, anyone with the necessary academic qualifications may enter the university. On the other hand, the underdevelopment of Latin American nations makes it difficult for people from the working class to attend the university, so that in fact indirect but highly selective processes still determine whether one may become a university man.

The situation in the United States is very different. The university there was not created by royal decree but by the will of the people. Its purpose, at first religious, soon became the creation of specialized skills, but it was always in the service of society. The university is necessary for the United States because it helps the society achieve its aims more successfully. Therefore, when the

society understood that the great technological revolution had arrived, it decided to create big universities that would make possible the scientific research necessary to achieve the new goals. But while the university was given these direct aims, it was also considered necessary that it should promote interest in culture for its own sake. Along with purely pragmatic values it has others that are purely theoretical and cultural. You cannot understand the U.S. university if you overlook this. But even less can you understand it if you overlook the fact that the immense development of the U.S. university is the result of society's conviction that the institution is useful for achieving the industrial development and the standard of living it desires. For this reason the university in the United States, although it is important to its society, does not enjoy the very high status the Latin American university enjoys.

Because of the dominant ideas of the era, and above all because of the direct influence of the encyclopedists, at the start of the nineteenth century Latin America considered that the time had come for freeing herself from Spain. Libertarian ideas were studied, proclaimed, and spread by the intellectuals of the era. The university was the ideological focal point, where the great revolution was forged. From that moment, Latin America has seen the close relation between politics and the university as a perfectly natural thing.

In the United States, although the ideology of the encyclopedists was important, it was not a decisive factor. The decisive reasons were economic. From the time of the first colonists, it was held that the fact of living in the New Continent justified individual liberty, and that the economic fetters applied by the mother country were a transgression against that liberty. Similar economic reasons existed in Latin America too, but they were much less important there. Two decisive causes brought about liberation there: resentment against metropolitan Spain, and pure political philosophy. There was resentment because of the fact that Spain did not allow those born in America to hold the top governmental posts, and political philosophy was involved because the ideas propounded by the encyclopedists found a universal echo in the ruling classes.

When, after the birth of independence, Latin America was at last free of Spanish domination, the future held bright possibilities. Its land was rich, its people full of vitality; it had a common culture; it seemed destined for glory. Nevertheless, all these hopes were frustrated. The ruling classes who had been responsible for the revolution had not grasped the wider meaning of their own movement. They had carried out the revolution solely for their own ends. For this reason, the only perceptible change was the independence from Spain. Everything else continued as before. A small oligarchy retained all the privileges, while the vast exploited mass of people continued to live in misery and ignorance. The historic process continued on its course almost through inertia. The Negroes were freed (after arduous struggles to overcome the resistance of the oligarchy), the Indians received some protection (which instead of freeing them

froze them in their economic and spiritual exile), and cultural life began to flower in various capitals. But the ruling groups almost paralyzed history. The oligarchies opposed any change in the social and economic structure. In a dim and muffled way, with the vagueness characteristic of the masses whose self-consciousness has not yet been aroused, the Latin Americans felt that the revolution had been a fraud. In spite of the independence, liberation had not been achieved.

During the last century, because the people were blinded by the illusion of emancipation, they did not clearly perceive this frustration. But history is a process of inevitable maturation, and nothing could prevent the frustration, grown immense, from finally reaching the level of consciousness and exploding like a mine. With local differences and by varying routes, sometimes sooner and sometimes later, the yearning for real liberation made itself felt, and began to overcome all the resistance to it. Because it had been so long held in check, it had to erupt violently.

It was natural for the maximum expression of the spirit of liberation to center in the university. Just as the impulse for the revolution against Spain had come from there, it was from the university that the impulse toward freedom from the continuing domination of the oligarchy had to come.

So it was in the university that the movement had its most furious outburst, where the barriers offered the least resistance. The students no longer belonged exclusively to the aristocracy. They belonged also to the new middle classes, and some came from the proletariat. As intellectuals they were conscious of the meaning of the struggle. But because they were both litigant and judge, because they belonged at the same time to the exploited classes and to an institution that had high political status, they lost sight of the true concept of the university and reduced it to a purely political role, to an ideological battlefield. Values were distorted, students set themselves against professors and against other students, and academic unity fell apart. Where this happened, the Latin American university was transformed into a gigantic orgy of demagoguery. The degree to which this change has taken place has varied enormously, of course, from one country to another. Some have maintained more order, more academic decorum; others have fallen into an abyss of demagoguery truly inconceivable to the people of the United States or Europe.

At this point it is impossible not to wonder about the destiny of the Latin American university. We have seen that its destiny is closely bound to that of the societies that brought it into being.

It is always dangerous to speak of future social processes, and impossible to predict the course of future events accurately. But the general course in Latin America is so clear that it is not hard to foresee the broad outlines of university trends.

Undoubtedly, in spite of the outbreak of demagoguery in the universities, one finds in them a vital expression of the movement toward freedom that impells Latin America toward her destiny. The effervescence of our universities



Latin American university students take active stands on political issues. Student meeting in Lima, Peru, in support of striking bank workers

is the most direct evidence of the effervescence of our society. Consequently, the struggle that is being waged in Latin America will reach its climax in the university. In spite of its excess of demagoguery, the university continues to have qualities it cannot lose. Among its professors one finds the men who are the best representatives of the real Latin America. And among its students, in spite of their lack of a clear vision of the academic aims of the university, one finds the most intense expressions of courage in the fight for freedom, and of faith in the future.

The decisive battle has not yet been fought in Latin America. It will come only after the oligarchical structure has been broken. This break-through is approaching at an accelerating rate. Once the people of Latin America have gained their independence, once the iron ring of privilege has been smashed, then will come the moment of the great choice. The people will have to choose between democracy and communism. When I speak of democracy I am not in any way referring to capitalism. It is conceivable that Latin America might achieve its desired liberation through socialism. But if this socialism is achieved within a legal framework, that is, if it maintains respect for human liberty, then the result will be democratic and not communistic. The decision will be reached only through an ideological battle of gigantic proportions. And the center of the battle, the field where the final decision will be made, will once again be the university. Only when the Latin American university has produced the men capable of fighting the great ideological battle the circumstances demand can equilibrium be restored between the political and the academic, so that the university will be able to give of itself all that it should and can give.

From the present situation it is clear that the intellectuals of Latin America are on the side of liberty. They stand for liberty and for justice. There is no more difficult task than uniting these two eternal ideals in one reality. And it is the intellectuals who will make the decision. The future depends, in large measure, on them. Their responsibility is so immense that they feel, at the same time, both anxiety and awe. ☞

2. HOW THE UNIVERSITY WORKS

ROBERT J. HAVIGHURST

THE FIRST THING that strikes the eye of the person who observes higher education in the United States is its diversity. Fruit of several European strains, nurtured in the fresh cultural soil of the United States, higher education in this part of the Western Hemisphere presents many varieties.

At first sight Latin American higher education may seem more nearly to fit a single pattern, which has evolved from the medieval tradition of Bologna carried on through Salamanca and modified substantially by nineteenth century nationalism. This was probably true as late as 1920; but it is not true in 1960. Latin America has recently produced a variety of higher educational institutions, growing out of the reform movements of 1918 and the socio-economic changes wrought by industrialization and technification during the past forty years.

We can date the beginning of the modern university in both the United States and Latin America with the close of World War I, when the university reform of Córdoba, Argentina, started a remarkable chain of events in Latin America, while the economic and political changes wrought by the War in the United States started the period of university expansion and development that has not yet come to a close.

In some respects, the Latin American universities have followed a course since 1918 that the U.S. universities followed from about 1880 to 1920. This probably grows out of a set of economic developments in Latin America since 1920 that were similar to those of the United States after 1880—the development of domestic industry and the rise of an economic middle class of business managers, engineers, and employees of commerce and government. This line of argument would suggest that future educational developments in Latin America will be similar to those of the United States between 1920 and 1960. To some extent this will probably be true.

However, there is a different tradition in Latin American higher education, and there are deep differences between the U.S. and Latin American cultures. These are sufficient to preserve some major distinctions between university systems and to promise the development during the next generation of a Latin American system with features of its own, as well as all the variety that is bound to occur among twenty sovereign nations.

It is not possible to compare the *quality* of higher education in the two regions. In our comparison of some aspects of universities in Latin America and the United States we will not draw explicit conclusions about the relative goodness of one or another system or practice, but we shall lay something of a basis for the drawing of

conclusions by those who wish to do so.

RELATION OF UNIVERSITIES TO THE STATE

A major difference between Latin America and the United States lies in the presence in the United States of a large number of private universities that receive no general subsidy from the government. These are comparable to the public-supported universities in numbers of students.

In Latin America, on the other hand, most universities are national universities, and nearly all universities receive some financial support from the government. The small number of private universities, most controlled by the Roman Catholic Church although some are lay or non-church universities, generally receive grants from governments, though these are not as large as are the grants for national universities. There are some exceptions; for example, Catholic higher institutions do not receive government support in Mexico, Venezuela, or Bolivia. The private institutions are of relatively recent appearance.

In both the United States and Latin America the universities have autonomy and guard it watchfully. The Latin American universities have a European type of autonomy that consists of self-government by a group of professors, students, and graduates who are elected by their respective bodies. The U.S. universities have autonomy for educational matters through agreements, either formal or informal, concerning the rights and duties of professors and concerning the powers and duties of the governing boards of trustees. The latter may be appointed by a state governor or a mayor of a city, or they may be elected by vote of the people, or they may be self-perpetuating bodies that elect their own successors.

In both cases the autonomy of the university may be limited or interfered with by people in positions of power who wish to use this power against academic freedom. This has happened through dictatorships in Latin America, and it has happened in the United States through the actions of powerful individuals or political, economic, or religious groups. In Brazil and Mexico, higher institutions for training in agriculture, technology, and teaching have been set up by government agencies outside of the university system.

Financial support of higher education is primarily a responsibility of government in Latin America. In some countries this has been confirmed by a legal or constitutional provision setting aside a fixed percentage of the income from taxes for the use of the universities. Moreover, some universities own property from which

they receive income. In the United States there are four principal sources of financial support: government, university endowment or property, private donors, and students. Whereas student fees are always small in Latin America, never amounting to more than 10 percent of the university budget, such fees may amount to more than half of the university budget in private universities in the United States. Latin American individuals seldom feel responsibility for financial support of universities; there is nothing like the U.S. "alumni fund" consisting of annual contributions by graduates of a university.

STRUCTURE OF THE UNIVERSITY

The Latin American university is typically a loose federation of schools and faculties. The units within the university preserve more autonomy than do the units within the typical U.S. university, where the central administration is stronger, with greater authority and greater continuity.

Recently a number of new structures have appeared among Latin American universities. In place of the traditional faculties and professional schools, there now are some with only departments (the University of the South in Argentina) or with divisions or councils, as in the case of the Technical University of Santiago, Chile.

The governing body of a Latin American university generally consists of an assembly of professors, students, and graduates, elected by their respective bodies. The proportion of students on the governing council varies from none, as in Colombia, to fifty per cent, as in Bolivia. Generally about one third of the governing body are students.

In the United States there is almost never any student representation on the governing body. The professors in the larger universities generally elect a council that has

Latin American students are free to stay away from lecture classes but are usually required to attend lab sessions. Chemistry laboratory in National University of Panama

similar functions to those of Latin American institutions, except that the rector (president, chancellor) is never elected by the professors in U.S. universities. The rector of a Latin American university is elected by the professors, generally through the governing council, and for a term of years. Although he can be re-elected, the rector does not have the expectation of continuing in his position, as he commonly does in the United States. Furthermore, the rector must generally be a professor in the university, whereas the North American university president may be a military leader, or a businessman, or a judge, or if he is an educator, he is very likely to be brought from another university.

Since the university is autonomous, its standards cannot be controlled by the government, unless they are scandalously low, in which case the government might intervene. This independence from the state has given rise to associations of universities in some countries, analogous to the national and regional accrediting associations in the United States. For example, Colombia has a national council of universities that exerts influence on the standards of work in the various institutions.

FUNCTIONS OF THE UNIVERSITY

It is customary to separate the functions of a university into three broad categories: instruction; research and creation; and service to the society. All three functions are served by universities in both regions; but the relative effort devoted to one or another function differs between Latin America and the United States, as well as between institutions.

In Latin America the major emphasis is upon teaching students and preparing them for professions. Although this has always been the principal function of Latin



American universities, its importance has been increased during the past two decades by the rapidly growing demand for people with university training. This fact gives this function a priority, even in the face of a real desire by Latin American educators to develop the function of research.

In the United States, on the other hand, emphasis on investigation and the discovery of new knowledge has increased, partly because this has such a direct bearing upon economic production. Research scientists are in crucial demand for the increase of production in the United States, while engineers, business managers, and production control experts are in crucial demand in Latin America.

Both groups of universities are offering opportunity for lower-status youths to rise on the social scale, through getting a university education and a good job, with the U.S. universities performing this function for a larger proportion of the students.

It is clear that the university will die unless it serves the economic and political development of society, but the two regions need somewhat different kinds of service since they are at different stages in socio-economic evolution. In Latin America the function of service to society is met by extension work with people in backward areas, by assistance to the government in its planning for economic and physical development of the country, and by providing leadership for the formation of a public opinion favorable to socio-economic development. In the United States there are similar activities of extension service to adults, but these adults are not always in backward areas of the country. Service may be given to the business executives of a community, for example. U.S. universities provide the "brain trusts" for political parties, for organizations of business, and to a lesser extent for labor unions.

PROFESSORS

Probably the greatest contrast between Latin American and U.S. higher education is in the career and the role of the university professor.

The great majority of U.S. professors give full time to their university work, and do not earn money in any other way. Only in the professional schools does one find some part-time professors, who practice their profession while also giving instruction. And even in this area there are a number of U.S. medical schools, law schools, and schools of business administration that have practically a complete roster of full-time professors.

On the other hand, the full-time professor is rare in Latin America. Less than one-tenth of Latin American university teachers give full time to this work. Many members of the teaching staff give only one course at a time, lecturing perhaps three hours a week and tending to their professional work the rest of the time.

A good deal has been said in Latin America about the disadvantages of part-time professorships, and some strenuous efforts have been made in the past two or three decades to increase the number of full-time professors,

especially in the sciences and in the faculties of philosophy and letters. With increasing emphasis on the function of research, it is natural that the universities should seek more full-time faculty members. But the inflation following World War II set back the movement toward more full-time professorships, because salaries did not rise as fast as the cost of living, and full-time professors found it necessary to earn money in other ways.

Perhaps the advantages of the full-time over the part-time professor have been magnified. A system of part-time teaching posts allows Latin American universities to bring the leading men of law, medicine, and letters onto the teaching staff, which is not always possible in U.S. universities that insist on full-time appointments.

Another major difference between the two Americas centers in the system of locating responsibility for the organization of instruction in a particular field. U.S. universities are made up of departments, such as history, chemistry, electrical engineering, and criminal law. There is a head or chairman of each department, but the chairman nearly always has one or more full professors in his department who are his peers, as well as a number of associate professors, assistant professors, and instructors, all members of the department, but seldom dependent upon the chairman alone for their appointment or promotion. In fact, the members of the department often elect their chairman for a fixed term of years. Instruction in the department is organized by the faculty members cooperatively, and oftentimes they exchange the courses they teach, making their teaching a cooperative venture. Latin America has more of the European system, with the unit of instruction the *cátedra* or chair, rather than the department. In a given field, such as philosophy or economics, there may be several chairs, each held by a man who has almost complete authority within his domain. He selects his associates, and decides when to promote them and when to dismiss them.

With respect to tenure of his position, the U.S. university professor generally has a more definitive claim. He makes his way up the hierarchy from instructor to assistant professor to associate professor to full professor. Usually his appointment is for a short term of one to five or six years in the lower ranks, but if he is promoted to an associate professorship or a full professorship, he generally has a right to this position until the age of retirement, unless he fails egregiously to do his work, or unless he engages in immoral conduct. In Latin America the system of tenure is less definite, but nevertheless it does exist and serves to protect the teacher in his academic freedom. The fact that he generally relies upon his teaching for only a small part of his income gives the professor a good deal of freedom to teach the truth as he sees it.

The social status of the university professor is fairly high in both regions. He belongs in the upper-middle class, at least, and if he comes from an upper-class family he easily maintains upper-class status as a professor. In Latin America a successful professional man may seek a part-time appointment as professor as a mark of high status.

STUDENTS

Gabriel del Mazo, a leader of the reform of 1918 in Córdoba, said "The University is a Republic of Students." To some extent the reform movement was a restoration of the traditional student participation in the government of the university, that came down from Bologna. Luis Alberto Sánchez believes that student influence in the government of the university was desirable as a corrective to the bureaucratic stagnation that was affecting Latin American higher education. Students protested at the dull and dogmatic lectures through which they had to sit, and won the right to freedom of attendance or non-attendance at lectures as well as some influence on the appointment and reappointment of professors.

As indicated above, with only a few exceptions students have representatives in the governing bodies of Latin American universities. In any case, the professors have some influence over the nature of the student representation, through their control of entrance to the university. Probably the students' participation is most influential in times of crisis for the university, political or economic. At such a time the students can either force changes or successfully defend the *status quo*.

In U.S. universities there is no student representation in the government of the universities, though students generally have their own organization with limited powers of self-government in non-academic matters. The protection against professorial bureaucracy is provided by the board of trustees, consisting of men and women who have an interest in the welfare of the university and are not members of the teaching body. In many cases the board of trustees contains some members who are elected by the graduates of the university.

In numbers of students there is a marked contrast between the United States and Latin America. The United States has about thirty university level students for every one hundred people aged 18-21, inclusive, while the Latin American countries vary from about ten students to one student per one hundred in this age group. The European average is five to ten. The United States figures are made larger partly by the fact that they include students preparing to teach in primary schools, while the Latin American figures do not.

In both regions there has been a considerable "democratization" of the student body in the twentieth century, with a greater proportion (though still they are in the minority) coming from working-class homes.

U.S. observers think that Latin American students are more interested in national politics and more active than are U.S. students. The apparent greater student interest in national politics among Latin American students is probably a reflection of more general political uncertainty and instability in Latin America. Thus national politics becomes a matter of concern to everybody. When students form their own organizations within the university, they tend to group along the political lines that divide the adult population.

Some observers also profess the belief that Latin American students are farther to the left in their political opinions than are U.S. students. This conclusion is doubt-



U.S. professors have more job security and students less say in university government than their Latin American counterparts. Class in George Washington University, Washington, D.C.

ful. The youth who attends a university is in a period of openness to new ideas, and often also in a period of rebellion against parental domination. In Latin America the phenomenon of rebellion against parental domination may be more marked than in the United States, due to the greater degree of parental domination in the lives of youth of secondary school age in Latin America, which may lead to a sharper reaction at the university age. But there is very little evidence of any strong socialist or communist leadership coming out of Latin American universities.

The behavior of students outside the classroom is somewhat more controlled and supervised in the United States than in Latin America. This is partly due to the fact that there are so few student housing projects (dormitories and hostels) in Latin America as compared with the United States. Still, a student whose behavior was grossly immoral even though not illegal would be expelled probably as quickly in one place as the other.

Class attendance is more strictly required in the United States than in Latin America. This is partly due to the freedom to attend lecture courses or not to attend them, with the understanding that the student is responsible for the examination at the end of the year. Attendance is required in laboratory courses in Latin America. Another reason for smaller attendance at lectures is that registration in a lecture course is generally free, and many students register but do not attempt to do the work of the course. Since a tuition fee is generally charged in the United States, and a large one in private universities, students seldom register without a firm intention of doing the work of the course.

CURRICULA AND TEACHING METHODS

In the United States most of the first two years of higher education is devoted to general liberal education, before specialization. In Latin America the European practice is generally followed of commencing specializa-

tion at the beginning of the university. The general belief in the United States is that one or two years of general liberal education at the university level will make the student a better man (citizen, user of leisure time, parent); and also give the student a better basis for selection of and preparation for his career, no matter how specialized it may be.

In Latin America the university student normally enters a faculty or a professional school to commence immediately an intensive program of specialization. However, some of the Latin American universities are now commencing with a year or two of general liberal studies for some or all of their students. There are two rather different views of the purposes of this program.

On one hand, there is the view that the student's general liberal education should be a part of his secondary education, but that the secondary school has not done its work well, and the university must help him make up the deficiency. On the other hand, some Latin American universities have a view closer to that in the United States, which regards general liberal education as a function of the university. Thus in Mexico the course for the bachelor's degree is a two- or three-year course which is regarded as preparatory to specialization in a professional school. Arequipa in Peru has a general two-year program through which most students pass before they enter a field of specialization.

Somewhat related to this trend toward a general liberal program prior to specialization is the movement for common use of certain university facilities by various schools and faculties. This has grown out of (1) the inefficiency of having a number of parallel elementary courses in certain tool subjects, such as foreign languages, mathematics, chemistry, and physics, given for small numbers of students by different professors in the several schools and faculties; and (2) the need to share certain costly physical facilities, such as laboratories and libraries. Thus, Quito has a Language Institute that gives basic instruction in foreign languages for students of all faculties. The new plan of the University of Concepción in Chile calls for four university-wide institutes in mathematics, physics, chemistry, and biology, which give basic courses in these fields to students of all faculties. In some

places there is a single chemistry laboratory with a professor in charge, who maintains general supervision while instructors from various faculties bring students to work in the laboratory.

The time-honored lecture course of three hours a week with an examination at the close of the semester or the year is standard in both the United States and Latin America. Laboratory work is of course standard and is limited only by lack of money and facilities in some of the poorer institutions.

During the past forty years there has been a development of tutorial and seminar teaching, especially in the more selective and higher status colleges and universities of the United States. This type of instruction has been standard for the advanced students in Latin American universities, but it has been difficult to achieve for larger numbers of students, in the face of the problem of finding time for conferences between the professor and the student when the professor is limited to only a few hours a week at the university. Other duties and outside employment of both professors and students have often resulted in the scheduling of classes either very early or very late in the day.

Generally the student's program is more fully prescribed for him in Latin America than in the United States. The Latin American student must take a particular set of courses specified by the head of the department. If he fails in one of these courses, he may be held back from going on to the next year until he makes up his deficiency. But this system is becoming somewhat more flexible in Latin America, though not so flexible as it is in the average U.S. university, where students have a considerable degree of choice among courses.

CONCLUSION

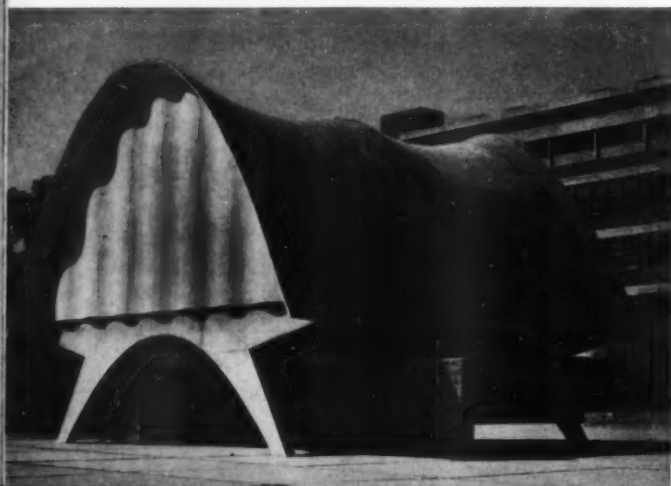
In comparing two university systems that developed in different cultures and without communication for three hundred years, it is not surprising that they show many differences. Yet the observer is struck as much by their similarities as by their differences.

Their goals and their functions are very similar. They work unceasingly for autonomy, so as to be free from domination by the forces of political and economic power. They strive for physical facilities that are well-located and can be used efficiently. They seek to attract the ablest minds to their service as professors and they seek out the ablest minds as students.

The means they use to achieve their goals are conditioned by their traditions, by the social structures in which they work, and by their economic circumstances. At present there are some major differences in the form of university education between the United States and Latin America.

On the whole it appears that the differences between the two systems are getting smaller, though each system has a great deal of variation within itself. The causes for the decrease in differences probably lie in the increasing degree of communication and of shared economic, social, and political action, between the two parts of the continent. ☺

Modern cosmic ray laboratory at state-supported National University of Mexico shows increased interest in science





Revolutionary Bivouac. Woodcut by Mariana Yampolsky. In the years 1913-1925 the Mexican people sang as never before

MY GRANDFATHER'S BRAVE SONGS

AMADO MUÑOZ

MY GRANDFATHER Trinidad Avitia, a gray-haired street singer, managed to make a living in Parral, Chihuahua, thanks to his guitar and the saints.

His guitar and the saints had been his best friends since his boyhood—the guitar because listeners said he played it well, the saints because there are so many.

When I was a boy, my grandfather sat on a chair in front of the Elegant Tortilla Cafe all day long playing his guitar and singing for every countryman who went by. Many tourists paid to hear his songs. But Mexicans celebrating their saints' days were his most numerous listeners by far, and since every day is some saint's day the demand for his songs seldom lagged.

My grandfather worked hardest on the "Day of the Lupes" and the "Day of the Juans." On those days Parral's many Lupes and Juans kept him busy singing from daybreak until long after midnight. And on those days as well as the "Day of the Pepes," the "Day of the Manuels" and many other saints' days besides, he got up long before

sunrise to sing the traditional *mañanitas* (little morning songs). He sang these outside the home of the person whose saint's day it was.

Then, too, on stifling summer nights my grandfather sat outside his home in the Manuel Acuña neighborhood singing songs like "Glass Eye, the Highwayman" and "Pancho Villa's Winged Horses" for anyone who cared to listen. Many Chihuahuans always did. On those nights everyone, even elderly women, shouted when my grandfather threw back his head, squared his shoulders and sang: "*Soy Mexicano, soy de Chihuahua. A mi bandera le juré honor.*" ("I am a Mexican, I'm from Chihuahua. I swore allegiance to my flag.")

And everyone laughed until tears came when he stopped in the middle of a song to imitate General Francisco Villa. Parral residents swore that no one else in Chihuahua State could imitate Pancho Villa the way my grandfather could. He puffed out his cheeks as though he were playing a trumpet, stroked his spiky gray mous-



The White Rabbits. Illustrations on this and next page were done by José Guadalupe Posada to go with Mexican corridos (ballads)

tache and shouted: "Boys, don't be afraid of Pancho Murguía's bullets. Just be careful of the holes they make."

My grandmother María de Jesús sang with him on those nights. So did everyone else. They cried "*Ay Chihuahua*" and "*Arriba el Norte*" when my grandfather sang the "brave" songs that northern Mexicans like so well.

Folk heroes like Heraclio Bernal and Valentín de la Sierra rode through my grandfather's songs on those nights. So did revolutionary leaders like Villa, Martín "Güero (Whitey)" López, and Maclovio Herrera. Everyone made up new verses for the song "*La Cucaracha*" and the evenings passed all too swiftly.

These summer-night concerts became so popular that entire families from other neighborhoods came over to hear them. Some came from as far as the María Martínez neighborhood almost two miles away.

Wives of poor miners, without radios or money for shows, always thanked my grandfather after the singing was over. "May the dark virgin protect you and cover you with her mantle," they said. This made my grandfather uncomfortable. But my grandmother beamed with pride.

My grandmother liked Mexican music just as much as my grandfather did. She was a cheery, smiling woman, always laughing and joking with everyone. But sometimes she, too, lost her temper. "I like everyone who walks on these streets of God," she often said with pride in her good nature. But after she said this she bit her lip and added "except American blondies."

My grandmother showed her dislike for blondes every time American women asked my grandfather to sing "*Cielito Lindo*" for them on their sightseeing trips to Parral. He always did. But these street serenades made

The Zapatistas



my grandmother so mad she wouldn't let him in the house. "This home is for Christians," she shouted when my grandfather knocked at the door. "It's not for shameless old flirts who serenade American blondies instead of being content with what our own nation produces."

My grandfather soothed her with music. He sang "*La Madrugada*" over and over until she finally let him in. After these outbursts my grandmother was always contrite. She did her best to make up for them by making pozole, flautas, and other foods my grandfather liked. And she even tried to compete with the chic blondes herself. She wore her best Zamora shawl wherever she went and even went so far as to pin a San Juan rose in her graying hair.

Except for these rare discords, my grandfather's work went along harmoniously. He liked the people he sang for and he made friends with them all. But he liked best the listeners who bawled and shouted when he sang Mexico's brave songs.

One of the most enthusiastic of his many admirers was a robust, middle-aged woman who ran the "Divine Strawberry" stand at the Hidalgo market. This was Doña Guadalupe Carmona, nicknamed "Lupe la Generala" because of her fondness for recalling the days when she fought for Pancho Villa. Lupe the General liked to tell my grandfather about her army days. "Ay, Don Trini," she sighed. "How gladly I'd give up my strawberry stand for a chance to hitch up my skirts and fight for Pancho Villa again."

The strawberry vendor was a fierce patriot. No military parade in Parral would have been complete without her. On parade days everyone cheered when the general marched by with a bandoleer strapped around her Amazonian torso and a 30-30 rifle on her shoulder.

A militant scowl harshened her dimpled face while she waddled along with the soldiers. A cornhusk cigarette was tucked between her chapped lips. She never threw it away until time to shout "Viva Madero."

Lupe the General wasn't one of those women who pray to St. Anthony for sweethearts. When my grandfather sang romantic songs like "*María Bonita*" for other market vendors, she always begged him to stop.

"Ay Mama Carlota not that one, Don Trini," she moaned. "Sing the brave one about how the federals chased Benito Canales instead." The songs she liked best were revolutionary ballads like the "Wet Buzzard" and the "Three Bald-Headed Women." But she liked songs about manhunts, shootings, and executions almost as well.

My grandfather's brave songs made the General wail and shout. They made her bawl: "Ay Chihuahua, land of brave men, where nobody gets shot in the back." Some-

Madero and His General Staff



times they even made her weep with fierce pride in Benjamín Argumedo and other heroes of the brave songs.

Once I asked my grandfather why Lupe the General shouted and cried when she sang and why she always marched with the soldiers. I hadn't been a Mexican very long when I asked this, for I was then not quite nine years old. My grandfather, a veteran observer of our countrymen, smiled at me. "Every Chihuahuan kills fleas in his own way," he explained.

Eduardo Romero, the barber, liked the brave songs as much, if not more, than the fiery General did. Don Lalo Romero was a spindly, myopic man with a haggard face buttressed by bouldery cheekbones. Chihuahuans called him "Green Belly" because he came from the lettuce-growing center of León, Guanajuato.

Always timid and shy as a mustang when he wasn't listening to brave songs, he turned into a ranting patriot fierce as the General herself when he heard them.

He took off his bullseye glasses and defied his customers, Chihuahuans all, every time my grandfather sang "The Defense of Celaya, Guanajuato" for him. "I'm the only real man here because I come from Guanajuato," he boasted loudly. Then he glared challengingly at Chihuahuans waiting for haircuts as though daring them to deny it.

On crisp autumn nights my grandfather went to the old Juan de Dios market quarter with a Saltillo serape slung over his shoulder and his Ramírez guitar tucked under his arm. There he joined a working army of mariachi musicians who filled the old quarter with music all night, and never broke ranks until dawn.

The quarter's boisterous streets, so narrow and crowded that two people could hardly walk side by side, were jammed with outdoor food stands, fruit and vegetable stalls, and shouting vendors.

My grandfather wandered through streets named after poets and patriots, looking for countrymen to sing to. He usually found them near the "Meek Burro" bar. And always he sang Mexico's brave songs for them.

Sometimes he bought me steaming cups of vanilla *atole* at the "Beautiful Indian" refreshment stand. While I drank them he chatted with wandering musicians, street clowns, fireaters, magicians and other men who made their living on Parral's streets.

Then, too, on those chilly nights he told me how he



The Zapatistas, another version

used to wander over the states of Chihuahua, Coahuila, and Durango, sometimes on horseback but more often on foot, singing at the village fairs. Those were the days when he sang for such Mexican revolutionaries as Pánfilo Natera, Petronilo Hernández, and even Pancho Villa himself.

"Once General Hernández made me play for almost twenty hours in the plazas, streets, and bars of Santiago Papasquiaro, Durango, along with other members of the Agustín González orchestra," he told me. "He liked our songs so much he made us all travel with his army for a month giving campfire concerts out in the Durango Sierra."

Only once in his life did my grandfather ever try to make a living at anything other than music. This was after the Madero revolution when he went to Flagstaff, Arizona to work as a carpenter.

Many miners and housewives in the Manuel Acuña neighborhood said he could have been rich if he had stayed there. But even in Flagstaff my grandfather couldn't stop singing the songs that make Mexicans shout. He sang them for lonely countrymen and even for the American bosses. He had planned to save his money and bring my grandmother, my mother, and my uncle Rodolfo from Chihuahua to live in the United States. But the brave songs proved his undoing.

"They made me homesick," my grandfather said. "When I sang them I forgot I was earning more money and living better than ever before."

So after six weeks he went back to Mexico where he's been playing the guitar ever since. ☞





Florida conservation officers releasing young turtles, air-shipped from Costa Rica, in Indian River

TO SAVE THE GREEN TURTLE

J. DAVID BOWEN

ON THE BLACK SANDS of Tortuguero beach in Costa Rica, the green sea turtle is making a last stand for survival. Helping him is an informal group of U.S. and Latin American citizens who hope that he will live to make an important contribution once more to the health and the economy of the Caribbean area.

The adventurers who first sailed the Caribbean found turtles so numerous that they cluttered the water like shoals. They also proved to be a delicate and apparently inexhaustible supply of food. The rich, nutritious meat of the green turtle (*Chelonia mydas*) was especially prized. Columbus victualled his ships with it during his fourth voyage to the New World and later it made a major contribution to the opening of the Caribbean. Many a shipwrecked buccaneer, too, owed his life to *Chelonia*.

Today, the green turtle is almost gone. The undersea pastures on which he feeds are still there, green and lush, off the Nicaraguan coast and elsewhere in the neighborhood. But, like the bison that once roamed the U.S. plains in such vast numbers—and also provided a handy food supply for explorers—this impressive animal has been the victim of man's wanton exploitation. And with far less reason, for while settlers and railroaders found the bison in their way, no human covets the turtle's watery

home. Turtle fishing has traditionally been done with nets or harpoons. Both large dip nets and very long horizontal nets are used. The latter are stretched over the turtles' feeding grounds so that the animals will become entangled in them when they come up for air during the night. Using such means, turtle men of the Caribbean built up a lucrative trade. But catches in some places were virtually down to nothing by the 1890's and the "fleets" of turtles have now been decimated everywhere. Back in 1610, green turtles were so thick around Bermuda that you could catch all you wanted from a small boat just by hitting them over the head with an iron bar or goad; today they are a rarity in those waters. In the Indian River section of Florida one captain, Charles Parke, took 2,500 turtles in eight nets in 1886; in 1895, using six nets, he was able to land only sixty. The pound total of sea turtles landed in Florida (including imports) still amounted to 634,616 in 1897, hit a low of 9,000 in 1938, and climbed back to 69,536 in 1947. In all these cases, most of the turtles were caught in Costa Rican or Nicaraguan waters, many of them by the Cayman Islanders who still dominate what is left of the trade. Until about ten years ago, those intrepid mariners generally landed about 200 turtles per boat per year. The specimens kept would run from 80 to

200 pounds, averaging about 155. Individual turtles weighing as much as 850 pounds have been caught in the past, but overfishing, along with the taking of females on the beaches when they come up to lay, is steadily bringing the average weight, as well as number, down. The Cayman Islanders work ten men to a schooner, and have some dozen ships in the trade.

Green turtles ship well. Trussed up and lying on their backs—they cannot stand the weight of their shells when right side up for a long time out of water—they can survive a trip lasting several days, although they will lose weight if shipment is too prolonged. Then they can be kept in sea pens—this is done at Key West, for example—until sold or canned.

The meat under the carapace yields succulent steaks. These, plus the eggs, have been an important source of nourishment along the Caribbean littoral. The internationally prized delicacy, of course, is green turtle soup. Generously laced with sherry, this dish, made principally from the fat of the turtle, has been a point of pride in fine restaurants everywhere. If present efforts to save and multiply the turtle population prove successful, it may be more valuable to encourage consumption of turtle products locally, rather than aim at a luxury trade in the United States or Europe, for in many parts of the Caribbean protein foods must be imported or are consumed in inadequate amounts.

If *Chelonia mydas* does make a comeback, it will be largely because of the work of a slight, sandy-haired professor of biology at the University of Florida named Archie Carr. Out of his loving, lifelong research into the habits of the creature has sprung a remarkable international movement to re-establish it in its old breeding grounds.

The sea turtle is at the end of what biologists call a short feeding chain, only one step away, like cattle, from the original capture of radiant energy by the vegetation that it eats—in this case verdant sea grass. (The young eat small crustacea and other animal food, but the adults have a marked preference for a vegetarian diet. In fact, the superiority in taste of the meat of this species over that of other sea turtles is commonly supposed to be due to its eating habits.) The simplicity of this relationship encouraged Professor Carr to believe that something could be done by man to save the animal from extinction. He was right. Already thousands of young turtles are in the waters of the Caribbean, having been shipped by air express to protected beaches—just like day-old chicks.



Prof. Archie Carr tagging half-grown green turtles caught at Cedar Key, Florida, as part of study of species' migrations

Very early in his career Archie Carr discovered that there are several mysteries that envelop the green turtle as deeply as the green waters in which he swims. To begin with no one knew exactly when or where the small remaining herds nested. It was known that the animals lived to great age, but what they did and where they went between the time of their birth and some time around their second birthday was a blank. A small herd of juveniles weighing from ten to sixty pounds each paid a regular annual visit to the Florida coast near Cedar Key, but their age seemed always the same, and the purpose of their call was unknown. Was this a way-station on some vast migration? If so, where were they coming from? Where were they going?

Professor Carr spent nearly twenty-five years combing the Caribbean in search of the source (or destination—they were probably the same) of these wanderers. He went by jeep, sloop, dinghy, and on foot. At first he used his own funds; later he was helped by research grants. Old-time captains reported some amazing incidents: one oddly marked turtle caught over Mosquito Bank and shipped to Key West was recaptured a few months later by the same crew at almost the same spot—apparently it had escaped when a hurricane destroyed the turtle pen in Florida and, somehow, unerringly made its way home. Two turtles reappeared in twelve days at Mosquito Bank after being shipped to Grand Cayman; others have made similar returns from Jamaica.

Finally Carr established that there are three main beaches where the female *Chelonia* deposits her round, leathery eggs: one is Mujeres Island, off Yucatán; another is Aves Island, not far from Dominica in the east, a speck that is slowly sinking into the sea; most important is Tortuguero or "Turtle Bogue" in northeastern Costa Rica. On this isolated strip of beach, the fight for survival was monumental.

Contractors bid for the right to rent sections of the beach from the government for the turtle season. Often they would sub-let portions of their ground or assign them to men paid by the head for turtles taken. Overzealous subcontractors were taking all the turtles they could get without regard for the ultimate consequences.

Sixteen thousand baby turtles were turned out in 1960 at this Tortuguero, Costa Rica, hatchery

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Digging out turtle eggs to be re-buried inside hatchery fence. Unprotected nests are apt to be destroyed by dogs or humans

It was no trick: one did not have to crouch long in the coconut grove with a lighted torch before a female would haul herself out of the breakers and onto the gently sloping beach, intent on an errand from which nothing could keep her . . . or almost nothing.

Regulations specified that females were not to be captured until they had been allowed to dig their nests, deposit their eggs, and head back toward the water. But what if a turtle lumbered up the beach near the border between one contractor's territory and another's? Fearful that her return route might take her out of his zone, the typical turtler did not hesitate to capture the prize as soon as she emerged onto the beach. It was a clear case of killing the goose that laid the golden eggs.

The turtlers would turn their prizes on their backs and leave them there on the beach, building a little thatch roof over each one, until the launch would come to pick them up. The law required them to release any turtles if they were not picked up within two days, but the beach is lonely and no one was keeping track. Any delay in the launch's schedule might mean the death and waste of many turtles.

Those nests that were completed were usually violated. Dogs flocked to Tortuguero from miles around during the season, to feast on the slightly salty eggs. Humans were just as rapacious; the eggs are considered not only tasty but slightly aphrodisiac.

Those few hatchlings that managed to see the light of day (after an incubation period of about fifty-three days) had to face the harshest task of all: to get back to the sea. The turtle has enormous built-in powers of navigation, on land as well as in the water; when eggs were removed

experimentally into the brush or behind a log, the hatchlings still headed for the sea. On the beach they had to run the frightful gantlet of whirling, screeching sea birds. Once they were in the water, there were sharks to face, until the final safety of the green sea prairies was reached. Perhaps one in a thousand made it.

In 1956 Carr published *The Windward Road*, a volume of naturalist's adventures, telling the public what he had learned. It excited Joshua B. Powers, an advertising representative in New York for Latin American publications. Powers got off letters to influential friends around the Hemisphere with a plea "to save the Green Turtle from the fate of the Passenger Pigeon, and to co-operate with the friendly peoples of the Caribbean in keeping the good things they have and helping them to find more." Out of this came the Brotherhood of the Green Turtle, with mock-serious titles like Grand Admiral of the Fleet (for Carr) and Patrolman of the Beaches (for supporters like Alberto Gainza Paz of the Buenos Aires newspaper *La Prensa*; former U.S. Ambassador Spruille Braden; Ricardo Castro-Béeche, publisher of *La Nación* in San José, Costa Rica; James A. Oliver of the American Museum of Natural History in New York; and Mrs. Muñoz Marín, wife of the Governor of Puerto Rico).

Jorge Borbón, then Costa Rican Minister of Agricul-



On Tortuguero beach, Professor Carr and assistant examine turtle that returned after being tagged at same place three years before

ture, gave the project his firm support. The taking of turtles on Tortuguero was halted and a five-mile strip was granted to the infant organization on which to begin its work. There, with privately donated funds, Professor Carr started his ecological revolution in the summer of 1959. Together with two graduate students and a local carpenter, he set up camp on a fifty-yard-wide spit of land that is probably the finest turtle rookery in the entire world. Everything had to be built before the turtles arrived, including a dugout, a small dock, and fifty-gallon tanks to hold the hatchlings.

As the nesting season began, in July, the group worked night and day. As each nest was discovered it had to be carefully excavated and the eggs removed to safety within a wire enclosure and just as carefully reburied. About 6,000 eggs were accumulated. Meanwhile friends of the Brotherhood had made arrangements for distribution of baby turtles on beaches where the best conditions could be found: a long sloping beach and underwater vegetation beyond the breaker line. Others



Tortuguero camp house, headquarters of field conservation program, stands in coconut grove on narrow strip between ocean and lagoon

would be released right off Turtle Bogue, saved from the greediness of bird, dog, and man.

It seemed as though the ecological revolution was off to a good start. Almost immediately, however, it ran into problems. One of these involved revolution of another sort. On one of their nocturnal prowls, the turtlers were stopped by a border guard that was obviously convinced they were Nicaraguan exiles planning to launch a rebellion in that neighboring country.

There were other problems, too. Limited transportation facilities made it necessary for the baby turtles to travel from Tortuguero to Limón (a pounding twelve-hour launch trip), then to San José, before they could begin the plane journey to Miami and other Caribbean spots. Letters began to arrive, telling Carr and his friends that one third to one half of the hatchlings were arriving dead. Air conditioning in airplanes was found to be one of the chief problems, causing turtles to dry out. Shipping containers had to be redesigned with a plastic membrane to hold a full inch of water.

In 1960, with the logistical problem solved, some 20,000 baby greens were hatched. About one quarter of these have been released off Tortuguero and the rest shipped to a growing number of applicants around the Caribbean, especially to established turtle beaches in Florida, Puerto Rico, the Cayman Islands, and Belize. Professor Carr's turtle farmers would be glad to hear of other suitable spots for the release of hatchlings.

Some turtles have gone to Carr's laboratory at Gainesville, Florida, where experiments continue on the feeding habits of the young shellbacks. Careful instructions go with every fifty-pound container (about five hundred turtles). For instance, they must not simply be dumped into the water. When sowing them off Turtle Bogue, Carr and his friends take them out at dusk about three hundred yards from shore, preferably where there is some underwater vegetation to hide in; then they release about one hundred every one hundred yards or so; this scattering minimizes the danger from sharks and other predators.

What are the results going to be? There are still enough mysteries surrounding *Chelonia* to make the exact outcome of the work uncertain. It is hoped that five or six years from now females will begin returning to the beaches where they were released, to lay their eggs. Experiments with fingerling trout and salmon planted in new streams support this hope. We have already seen that the turtle can perform remarkable feats of navigation. It may be, however, that still deeper instincts will prevail and all of the turtles will return to the ancestral rookery at Tortuguero. This would still be a success, but success of a more limited kind.

Meanwhile Carr and his students continue to watch *Chelonia*. For several years he has been tagging specimens from the band of yearlings that visits Florida each year. In response to a reward of three dollars apiece, fishermen throughout the Caribbean have returned the tags, often with laboriously printed descriptions of where and when the turtle was taken. They tell parts of a story that seems to confirm Carr's belief that the creature makes immense



At Lerner Laboratory on Bimini, local officials and Conservation Corporation directors take baby Tortuguero turtles from tanks

migratory voyages. Three tags were returned in 1959 from near Cartagena, Colombia; all of them made front-page news in that city. This year two turtles tagged at Tortuguero last season were caught off Isle of Pines, Cuba.

Lately the researchers have taken to following the specimens and modern equipment has begun to supplement the tags. A few fishermen have been startled to see turtles sporting transistor radios and brightly colored balloons! The radios enable Carr and his crew to pick up signals from a specimen ten to fifteen miles away; the balloon can be spotted as far as five miles away when the turtle surfaces for air every few minutes.

In December 1959, the Brotherhood of the Green Turtle took the more businesslike name of Caribbean Conservation Corporation. It is a private organization that is now paying the whole bill for re-establishing the valuable green turtle in its Caribbean home. When the turtles get straightened out, Carr says, he has half a dozen other projects for the area that are both urgent and practicable. Whatever the outcome, he and his friends have shown that private initiative can do a great deal toward an international goal. ☛



Here are 1,000 turtles. When they are released off some Caribbean shore, enough may survive to help revive local industry



At opening of show in Pan American Union, from left: OAS Secretary General José A. Mora, Argentine Ambassador to the OAS Enrique Esteban Rivarola, Mario Pucciarelli, Buenos Aires art dealer Susana Sogasola, Mrs. Pucciarelli

MARIO PUCCIARELLI And the Shape of Time

MATILDE DE ORTEGA

AFTER SIX YEARS of painting and exhibiting, the Argentine artist Mario Pucciarelli has won the very important award of the Torcuato Di Tella Foundation, which consists of an exhibition of his works in the Pogliani Gallery in Rome, a trip to that city, and a fellowship of three hundred and fifty dollars a month for one year. The judges were the Italian art critic Lionello Venturi and Jorge Romero Brest, Director of the Museum of Fine Arts of Buenos Aires and a well-known writer and art critic. The prize-winning work was a triptych entitled *De Profundis*, an oil ten feet by thirteen, judged the most distinguished among the entries of the eleven Argentine painters who had been invited to participate.

Mario Pucciarelli is a powerfully built man with a pleasant manner; his appearance bespeaks the Italian blood in his veins. He could be from Milan, Rome, or Naples, but he was born, raised, and educated in Buenos

Aires; his feeling is Latin American as well as Argentine. This was my impression in talking with him, when his exhibition of twenty paintings opened at the art gallery of the Pan American Union, under the auspices of Dr. Enrique Esteban Rivarola, Argentine Ambassador to the OAS.

Pucciarelli was born in 1929 and belongs to the group of painters who call themselves the "Argentine informalists," a group he founded and has led since 1958, when it held its first exhibition. "At first there were four of us," he told me, "now there are nine." Like any movement or school that departs from the traditional or from what the public is accustomed to seeing, these young painters had to face incomprehension, but today they occupy a prominent place in Argentine painting. The critics consider Pucciarelli as one of the most outstanding of the group, and the list of his successes at home

and abroad confirms this opinion. He was chosen as one of the five best painters of Argentina, to be included in the international awards exhibition that opened November 1 at the Guggenheim Museum in New York.

He has also been honored with the Frank Lloyd Wright prize, awarded to outstanding Argentine or Uruguayan abstract painters jointly by the *Grupo los Ocho* (Group of Eight) in Uruguay and the Argentine Museum of Modern Art in Buenos Aires.

His first one-man show opened in 1958 in the Galatea Gallery in Buenos Aires; others followed, at the Zaffaroni Gallery in Montevideo and at the Pizarro Gallery in Buenos Aires, in 1960. His work has been included in many group shows in New York, Rome, Tokyo, and Paris. It was also in the Dallas Museum of Fine Arts exhibition, "South American Art Today."

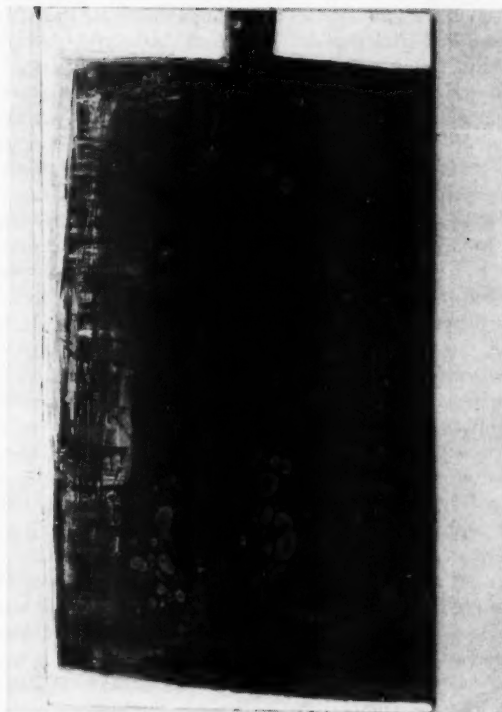
"Are you self-taught?" I asked.

"For lack of money, I was never able to go to art school. I learned by myself," Pucciarelli answered with self-assurance. He has been painting and drawing since he was a child; this has been his principal medium of self-expression. He has spent all his free time painting, giving up vacations, rest, and hours of sleep, because he had to earn his living in ways that were far removed from his true vocation.

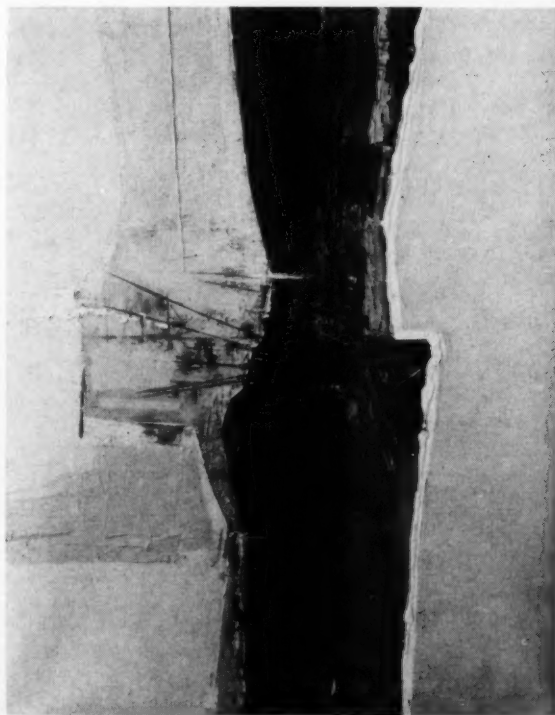
"Artists exist, with or without academies," he told me when I asked what he thought of art schools. "It is always good to be able to go to one, especially to learn technique, and particularly if it is one that offers instruction in many different fields—design, ceramics, sculpture, engraving—because experience in the molding of shapes and in the use of various materials helps the painter to express himself. But the most important thing for an artist is going to museums and exhibitions. That is better than any lessons one could take. There is so much to learn and to observe in the works of the great masters." He admires and responds to the plastic arts in all their forms. As he spoke about schools and trends, I was impressed by his sincerity, for he does not take a negative view of any of them.

Pucciarelli has developed his own technique in the use of oils. He prefers this material to any other, although sometimes he likes to experiment with metals, asphalt, sand, and mosaic. A Pucciarelli painting involves a great deal of artisanry and a large dose of patience. The thick layers of paint built up to achieve different surface levels in some places and the dilution that gives the illusion of transparency elsewhere are the result of hours of labor and not of hurried execution. Pucciarelli finds his themes through constant observation, seeking among the everyday forms around him the ones that will express his innermost feelings. A crack in the wall, the ash of a cigarette, rotted wood, represent to him the tangible expression of combustion, deterioration, the mutation of matter, or the mark left by the action of time.

"Physical phenomena can embody states of the human spirit," he says. "Sometimes, deep inside, we feel rotted; at other times, as shattered fragments. Some days we are blue; other days, black or gray; color and form can express our inner sentiment. The gray of ashes, rust or



Two paintings by Pucciarelli, 1960



oxides on certain materials, all things that show the action of time are interrelated. They show the relation between the objective and the subjective, because the informalist painter discovers the objective form that can be converted into a subjective expression. It is not that he transfers forms to canvas; rather, the emotion of the moment makes him see in that disintegration of matter the external form that could represent an inner feeling.

"Although there is a close connection between abstract expressionism and informalism, there is a radical difference between the two forms of expression," he said when I asked what he thought about this movement in the United States. "The difference is in the way they understand the nature of time. The United States artist lives in a world of action, that values the urgency of the moment, a flashing instant of time, a conceptual agility. His creativity and his concept of aesthetic beauty reflect this new 'reality,' which has come to him, consciously or unconsciously, through the advances of science, speed, the political and economic structure, and so many other kinds of social and scientific progress. For the Latin American informalist painter the concept of time is different: more substance, more elaboration, slower and more ponderous, because it derives from a different mode of perceiving. Although he too makes use of the advances of science, or is at least aware of them, the development and structure of Latin American society are different. Its roots are autochthonous because the cultures of the West were amalgamated in Latin America with the native cultures, and we continue to nourish ourselves on them.

The pre-Columbian world still influences the Latin American spirit, in spite of the intervening centuries."

Up to the present time, artistic movements in Latin America have undeniably been held back by the lack of contacts, but today they have reached a degree of maturity in each country. The Latin American artist is no longer isolated or restricted to his own continent. The Atlantic and Pacific are no longer barriers, and contact with the East and West are making him universal. This is because abstract art is universal, and can reach all men in all latitudes.

Contemporary man has a new vision of the world and the things in it. For him the nature that surrounds him is not just the one that his human eye can see. Concepts of time and space have also changed. Abstract expressionism and informalism have much in common. They see a universal value in natural forms and in the transformation of matter, and they make use of this as a means of artistic expression. "Pure" abstract painters, on the contrary, find their means of expression in a universal abstract value like geometry.

"Informal art sees things too formally. Furthermore, it is polemic," he told me. Pucciarelli has spent three years as an abstract painter, and he has much time ahead of him. This October, on the day he received the "Torcuato Di Tella" award, he got married. His bride is a painter too. Her name is Inés Blumenweig, and for a year and a half she has been following the same trend in art. As artists, they speak the same language. Will this be true in marriage too? ☞

The artist with prize-winning De Profundis



THE OAS

IN ACTION

THE COUNCIL ELECTS

Ambassador Fernando Lobo of Brazil has been elected Chairman of the OAS Council, succeeding Ambassador Vicente Sánchez Gavito of Mexico, and Ambassador Manuel G. Escalante has been elected Vice Chairman, succeeding Ambassador Celeo Dávila of Honduras.

The retiring Chairman took the occasion to voice some personal ideas, in these terms:

"... The first thing I want to do is to take the liberty of suggesting to the Latin American governments that they make a conscientious effort to eliminate from the conduct of their foreign relations any resentment that is not clearly and directly related to claims that are now under consideration or that they intend to put forth in the near future. ...

"If in regard to the Inter-American Economic and Social Council we are trying to go beyond the stage of development in which we were content to accept as an article of faith the axiom of President Lleras Camargo—the Organization is what the member governments want it to be and nothing else—and if we are trying to clarify why the states have not wished to convert that organ into what our times demand, why shouldn't we apply the same criterion to the whole Organization?

"If we do this, our starting point must be the recognition that the Achilles' heel of the system is the lack of a competent mechanism for the peaceful settlement of disputes, and that, in such circumstances, the fundamental standards that appear in inter-American agreements could be compared to a preposterous penal code, fortunately hypothetical, that would prohibit the commission of crimes instead of punishing those responsible for them.

"The Pact of Bogotá [American Treaty of Pacific Settlement], an example of good judgment in the midst of what I would not hesitate to call a vast sea of contradictions, is the exception. Because of this way of thinking, I cannot understand why the democratic governments that destroyed the dictatorships of Perón, Rojas Pinilla, Pérez Jiménez, and Batista, that is, the regimes that rejected, undoubtedly with horror, the treaty that was required by Article 23 of the OAS Charter, still have not joined the ranks of the nine member states who have fulfilled that unavoidable obligation.

"... Since the working out of the American system for peaceful settlement of disputes is thus the

primary problem of the Organization, and since it is so urgent that we solve it, we cannot give ourselves the luxury of continuing patiently to hope that the Pact of Bogotá will be accepted by all. Before the Eleventh Inter-American Conference begins, since there are many circumstances favorable to this idea despite the somber panorama we face, the presidents of the twenty-one republics should meet for the sole and exclusive purpose, in my opinion, of agreeing upon the form this system, without which our coexistence will become more difficult day by day, should take.

"As guiding ideas in this field, which I find very rough, permit me to propose the following: 1. The Pact of Bogotá would have to continue to rule, without any modification, the relations among the member states that have ratified it and will remain open for ratification by the others. 2. Based on the new declarations the member states may have made about the subject, the Council could facilitate the work of the Meeting of Presidents, preparing the draft of a pact, parallel to that of Bogotá, to which it should be as close as possible. 3. In any case, the parallel pact would necessarily and ineluctably establish that the International Court of Justice—and only the Court—is the organ empowered to determine whether or not any difference that may be submitted to it by one of the parties to a dispute comes within its jurisdiction."

Ambassador Lobo, who became the first person to be elected twice to the Chairmanship, praised the things achieved by the Organization during Ambassador Sánchez Gavito's tenure. "During his term," he summed up, "Pan Americanism entered a phase of transition, whereby it endeavored to retain the fruits of the entire monumental juridical-political work of our predecessors, while ... recognizing that, without a foundation of intense economic cooperation for the achievement of mutual progress, this entire juridical-political structure will be in danger of losing its usefulness and becoming worthless. ... The transition has certain aspects of crisis, of anxiety, of misunderstanding, and of violence, and we cannot permit these unusual and wholly undesirable aspects in the relations between American countries to weaken our basic solidarity."

ERRATUM

Last month our usually reliable printer garbled a line in the item "Economic Follow-ups." The section should have read: "Dr. Jorge Sol Castellanos ... has been appointed as special representative of the Secretary General for economic and social affairs. In this position, free of administrative duties, Dr. Sol Castellanos will advise Dr. Mora and will coordinate PAU activities in these fields. ..." Subsequently, Dr. Sol Castellanos has been given the title of Assistant Secretary for Economic and Social Affairs.

GIFT OF THE WISE MEN

a short story by **DANIEL DE LA VEGA**

JORGE GOT HOME at seven, while the sun was still up. It was Christmas Eve, and the streets were full of activity, with makeshift toy booths on every corner piled high with their charming merchandise. The street vendors had invaded the sidewalks with their wooden dolls. The crowds bothered Jorge, and he went inside the house to get a rest from the din that had surrounded him all through the downtown area.

He set the newspaper and magazines he had brought with him on the table near the door, and he was going down the hall when he met his wife Lucía.

"Your mother sent a package and this letter," she said. "I hid the package in our room so that the boy wouldn't see it."

"A letter?" said Jorge as he opened the envelope. He was surprised to find so many pages crammed full of his mother's tiny handwriting. He read a few lines and then, deeply absorbed, headed for a chair with the air of a man in another world.

This is what the letter said:

"Jorge, you know that there was never even the slightest harmony between your father's character and mine. When you were seven, our estrangement had reached such an extent that, although we lived in the same house, we never exchanged a word. On the first of every month, your father would have you or a maid bring me an envelope with money for living expenses and an extra allowance. In the same envelope I would send back a detailed list of the extra expenses that the allowance had been used for in the previous month. This was the extent of our relations.

"It was Christmas Eve 1918. That month I had paid more bills than usual, my funds had quickly disappeared, and I did not want to ask your father for more money. At thirty, one still has her pride.

"But I wanted to leave some toys in your shoes, and on the afternoon of the twenty-fourth I went downtown to buy some lead soldiers, a ball, and a little car. The toys were not of very good quality, because, as I have said, I did not have much money. I returned and hid the humble package in my closet.

"That night I told you that you should leave your

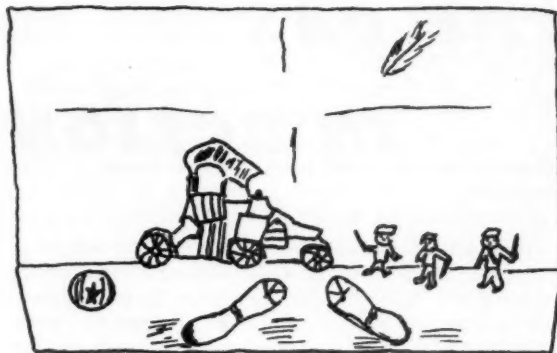


illustration by **GEORGIANA COMPTON**

shoes outside the window that opens on the patio, because the Three Wise Men would come before dawn to leave toys for the children. You were pleased by my suggestion and wanted to take off your shoes. But I, who have been afraid for your health all your life, told you to put out your old shoes. The Wise Men like poor children. You left some well-worn sandals in the window, and when you had finished dinner you went to your room to sleep, while the clamor of Christmas Eve merriment began outside.

"Your father came in late. I ate alone, and when you were asleep, I went to the closet, took out the poor toys, went to the patio, and left the lead soldiers, the ball, and the car beside your little sandals. I stopped for a moment to look at the sky full of stars, while some big firecrackers boomed in the street.

"The following day, very early, I heard your father's happy voice in your room: 'Get up, lazybones! Hurry up. At seven Rodríguez is coming for us in his car. We'll take a nice ride. Come on, get up!'

"I heard you laugh. 'Hurry up to the bathroom,' said your father. 'We'll go to the mountains. You're going to have some surprises.'

"Then you went quickly by my room, toward the bathroom. You were very happy. Your father called to the maid: 'A clean suit for the boy!'

"I still seem to hear your happy laughter. Soon a horn sounded at the gate. You ran about the house faster. Your father shouted: 'Hurry, Jorge, hurry!'

"You barely had time to stop by my room for a moment, and you kissed me carelessly, thinking only of escaping. The door slammed. A car took off impetuously, its noise became lost in the distance, and the house was silent.

"When I got up, the sun was already high, and in the window to the patio, under the stark light of the summer day, were your broken sandals, with the soldiers, the ball, and the car.

"The maid said to me, laughing, 'The boy didn't get a chance to go out to the patio, and didn't see the presents.'

"I too was capable of smiling: 'He didn't see them. . . .'

"In the afternoon, the maid asked to go out. She wanted to see her family. She left, I was alone, and several

times as I crossed the patio I saw the humble toys waiting for you. They looked very sad under the light of day. Children's shoes with Christmas toys are poetic in the shadow, under the stars, or at dawn, made beautiful by the joy of the child who finds them. But they lose all that in the sunlight. They look abandoned. They are like a kiss that went in search of love and was received with a slap, like a caress that drew an insult.

"I tried to cheer myself up: 'It doesn't matter . . . he'll find them when he comes back. . . .'"

"The day went by, night fell, and the maid returned. I ate alone again. The clock in the hall struck ten, ten thirty, eleven. After midnight, a car stopped at the door. A key clinked in the lock, and you and your father came in noisily. You spoke in a loud voice, and you made a big commotion when you entered my room. Your arms could hardly hold a beautiful rifle, a music box, some monkeys on strings, and some big stamp books. Modern toys, still bearing their foreign labels.

"Another hasty kiss, while you proudly showed me the toys. Your father called from the hall: 'Jorge, time to go to bed. The night has turned cold.'"

"You went out, giddy with joy. While you were getting undressed, I could hear you still playing with the string of monkey puppets. Little by little things became quiet. The lights went out. Everything was still. The hall clock struck one.

"How would the poor lead soldiers look beside your shiny rifle? How would the little car fare next to your fine music box? I didn't want you to see the poverty of the Wise Men, I didn't want the beautiful Christian allegory to lose prestige in your awakening imagination. What sort of fabulous Orient was it that sent toys that looked so miserable beside the splendid gifts bought in a common store on Estado Street? The ordinary trinkets that my meager money had been able to buy for you would do nothing to make you happier.

"Everyone in the house was sleeping when I got up, went silently to the window, picked up the sandals, and took the toys to hide them again in a corner of my closet.

"I wasn't hurt, Jorge. And the days went by. Your father was always a lucky man, and that summer he got the appointment he was waiting for. He could take you with him to Belgium. I wanted to keep you. But the schools in Brussels offered a wonderful opportunity, so, for your benefit, I gave in. You were not even eight when I cried and hugged you on the dock at Valparaíso, and I stood there for several hours, until the ship was lost on the horizon, while seagulls flew circles in the afternoon sky.

"The next time I kissed you you were already an engineer, a strong, proud man who almost lifted me off my feet, when you said: 'Mamá, I didn't want to telegraph you. I wanted to surprise you. . . .'"

"Years have passed, and on this Christmas Eve I wanted to tell you that through you I have found happiness. You have given me a grandson, one that at my insistence bears your name, and he often takes me back thirty years in my life by gestures, inflections of his voice, and laughter just like yours as a boy.

"The other day, when I was going through my old ribbons, dress ornaments, and souvenirs, I found those lead soldiers, the ball, and the little car that I hid that December night in 1918. We grandmothers are a sentimental lot, and although these things are ugly I have put them in a box and sent it to you so that you can put them in little Jorge's shoes tonight. With much love, Mother."

Jorge finished reading the letter and stood up. Lucía was standing next to the console radio, arranging some roses that were beginning to wilt from the scorching afternoon heat.

"I have to go see my mother."

"But we're going to eat soon," said Lucía.

"You and little Jorge can go ahead without me."

He handed her the voluminous letter, picked up his hat, and went out. He had to walk all the way to Mackenna Avenue before he found an empty taxi. He stopped the cab and asked the driver, "Do you have enough gas to get to the road to Apoquindo?"

"Yes, sir."

"Let's go."

The car got under way. Cristina Velarde de Nevel lived in a bungalow on the Apoquindo road. She had a beautiful piece of property, inherited from her husband, who died soon after returning to Chile. She lived alone there, amid her flowers, and sometimes "kidnapped" her grandson to have him with her for a few days.

When Jorge got to his mother's home, it was already dusk. He rang the bell impatiently. A maid came out toward the gate.

"My mother?"

"Yes, she's in."

Jorge went through the gate and up the garden staircase, past huge geraniums that looked black in the shadows, and as he entered the hall the two met. Jorge wanted to say something, but his throat became so tight that he could only embrace his mother violently and kiss her forehead, her hair, and her eyes. It was a long embrace, like a knot. The magnitude of that moment of tenderness made up for the twenty years that they had lived apart. Cristina could not hold back a sob.

Jorge regained his composure, and said, "Mamá, I got your letter."

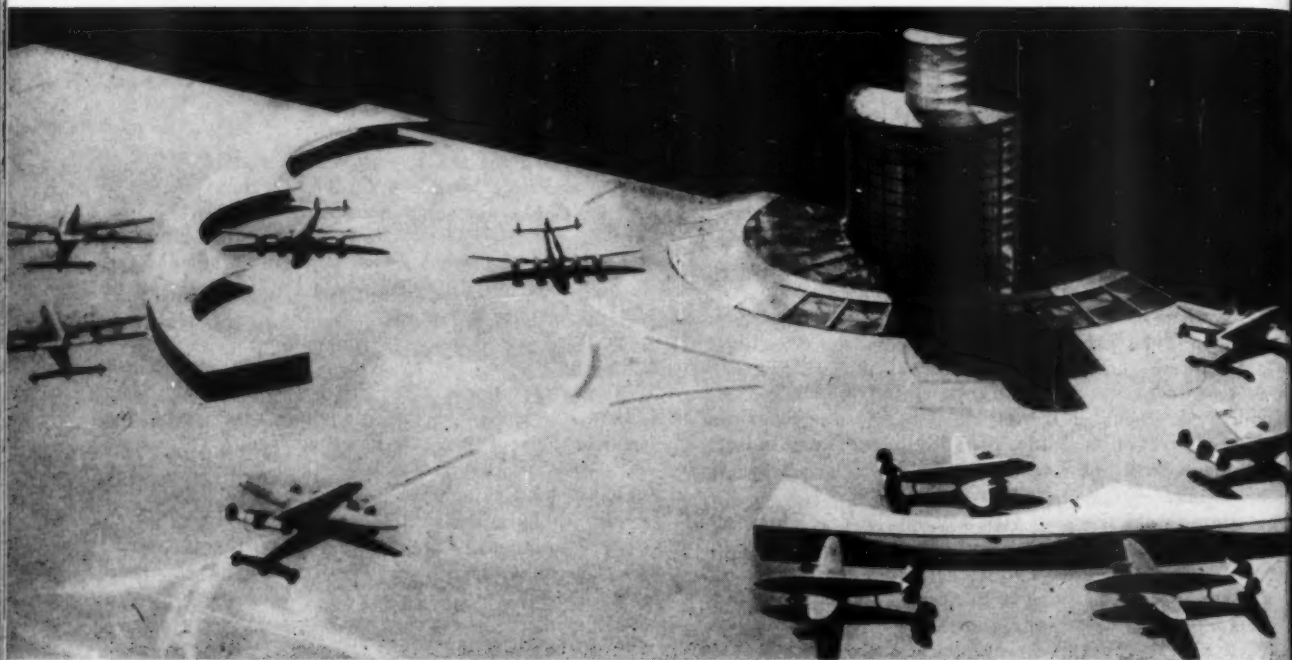
She smiled gently. Both were silent for a moment. Finally Jorge spoke: "I don't want to give those toys to the boy. He'd only break them. After they have been waiting for me for so many years, I would like to keep them."

"No," she said emphatically. "For many years they have been sad, useless toys, like melancholy souvenirs from a party long ago, like my fans or my wax orange blossoms. Let them for once be real, live toys; let the boy break them, laughing, in the sun."

Jorge kissed her again. "Merry Christmas, Mamá." He went out, jumped in the cab, and returned home.

And once again the old toys were alongside the shoes in the window, awaiting a boy, while fireworks could be heard in the street, just as on a December night in 1918. ☺

SPACE WITH



Model of half of new Brasília airport. Only building above ground is hotel and control tower. Glass roof covers gardens, pools

Brazilian architect Sérgio Bernardes

FLORA L. PHELPS

"OUR IDEAS ABOUT AIRPORTS are five hundred years behind the technology of modern aeronautical design. What did the traveler find in 1460? A house with walls, windows, and roof, with a carriage in front of the door. Today he still finds the house, now with a jet plane in front of the door. That is the modern airport. It has grown to enormous size—he has to walk miles with his suitcase to get to his plane. The only change is that the building is so big the man gets lost. Technology has become so important we have lost our respect for the individual. I have made my design for both the man and the plane."

Brazilian architect Sérgio Wladimir Bernardes was speaking about his plan for the new airport for Brasília, now under construction. Looking to the future, it will be able to handle more traffic than any airport in the world does today, up to the saturation point of air space, sixty operations an hour, set by the exigencies of traffic control. But Bernardes points out that this will soon mean an even greater increase in the number of people carried.

"Five years ago, planes carried forty passengers. Today some carry two hundred. With research going forward all

the time, who can tell what we will have in fifteen years? Giant planes flying at supersonic speeds will handle the intercontinental traffic. It will not be economically feasible for them to stop more than once or twice in one continent. Passengers will transfer to smaller planes for local international flights. Because of its geographical location, Brasília is the logical entrance point to South America from Europe and North America."

Architects must throw away their horse-and-buggy thinking, and plan airports for the future that will be as modern as the technology, Bernardes says. He spent two and a half years studying the problem and doing research. He covered every aspect of the problem, consulting with experts in thirty-two different fields, coordinating this mass of information into one integrated plan to meet the needs of the future in every possible way. The specialists included engineers, passenger agents, structural, aeronautical, and safety engineers, maintenance directors and freight managers, landscape architects and economists, to mention only a few of them. (His project contained suggestions for ways to make much of it self-financing,

MEANING

instead of being built or operated wholly at the expense of the Federal Government.) Then began a marathon of plan drawing, when Bernardes and his associates worked as a team day and night for a month to put the project into the final form, which was accepted by the Brazilian Government.

When construction has been completed, at the site some twelve miles from Brasilia, the incoming passenger will see only the runways, the sound-proof concrete and thermopane hotel tower with the control center on top, encircled by loading aprons—with cantilevered shelters over passenger-elevator entrances and baggage conveyors—and the widely separated low round buildings, like giant mushrooms, that are the hangars. The entire terminal will be underground. Instead of being spread out horizontally, in traditional fashion, services and traffic functions have been centralized by locating them vertically—the principle of the aircraft carrier. In two vast concentric circular basement areas, provision has been made to care for people and planes in the shortest time and the most efficient and agreeable manner. The upper one has a radius of 935 feet, or an area of about sixty-three acres. Around its perimeter there is parking space for travelers and under the loading aprons plane services and supplies are located; toward its center are facilities for passengers stopping briefly in transit. The lower area, with a radius of 748 feet, covers about forty-one acres and is the passenger station proper.

The incoming plane will stop at the loading apron beside an elevator that will carry the in-transit passenger to the upper level and the passenger for Brasília down to one of the six subcenters on the lower level. Right there he will find the office of the airline, his baggage, and his taxi. Underground roads will allow cars to drive right to the

underground office of each airline, eliminating the long walks in today's terminals. Meanwhile, planes in transit are serviced from the supply installations under the loading apron, thus keeping required time on the ground at a minimum, while planes remaining over an hour taxi off to the hangars.

Each of the two underground levels is laid out radially in six sectors of equal size that offer the same facilities. As passengers converge toward the hotel in the center, they find lounges and shopping areas, and around the hotel are a restaurant, a swimming pool, an aquarium, and other amenities offering hospitality and humanizing comforts.

"Traveling in a plane today is like being in a desert," Bernardes says. "For the first half hour you are very comfortable. But you are sealed in a little room, with no freedom of movement, no contact with nature. After a little while it is like being brain-washed. So I have put an underground garden in the terminal, so the arriving traveler can see trees and flowers, and restore his contact with nature."

Bernardes has devoted himself to architecture for a quarter of a century, since his very young student days at the University of Brazil, where he studied with Lúcio Costa. Impatient to begin serious work, he quit without a degree and began designing buildings, working on his own and with accredited architects. He established a national reputation in the field of large-scale planning, and was so busy that it was not until 1947, during a slump

Cross section shows underground terminal now under construction

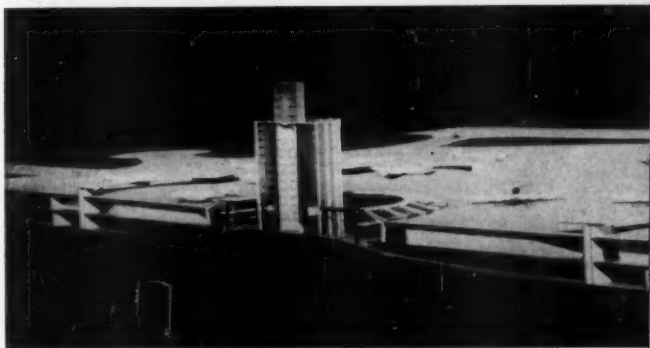
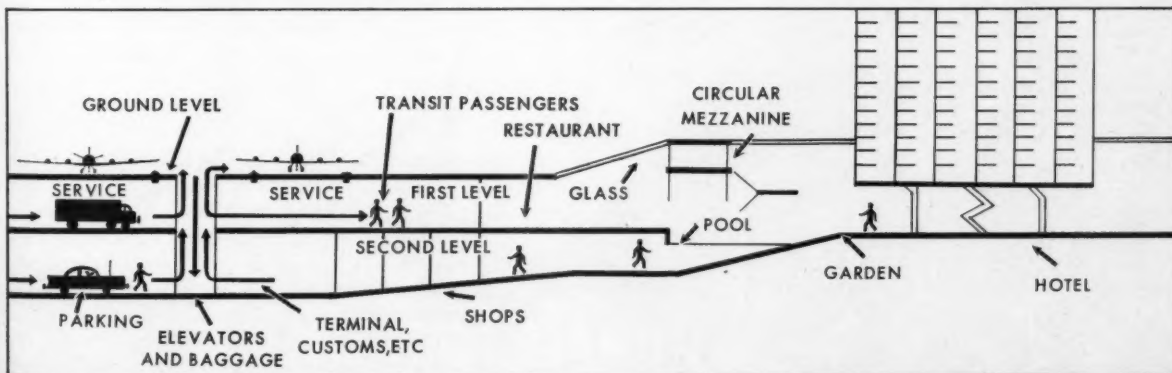
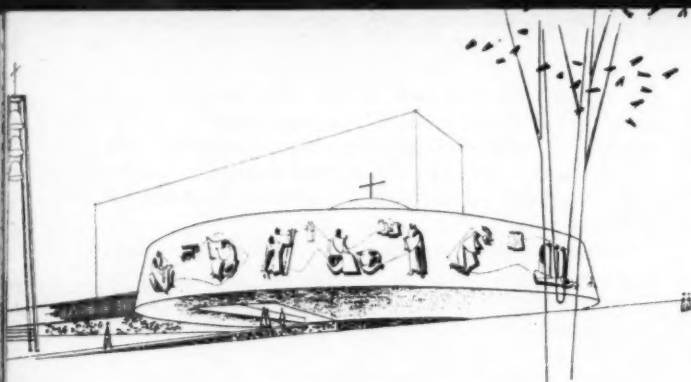


DIAGRAM OF SECTION OF BRASÍLIA AIRPORT





Prize-winning design gives round shape to Chapel of St. Dominic

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A country house Bernardes designed for Miss Lota de Macedo Soares won the prize for houses by architects under thirty-five at the Second Biennial in São Paulo in 1953. Here solid interior walls of native stone contrast with glass walls and with the openness of the long gallery

between the guest rooms and the owner's suite. The zig-zag pattern of exposed lattice girders, painted black and white, produces an airy, light-hearted effect that welcomes the vast view beyond. In contrast, in a city house for Jadir de Souza, the play of interior volumes that the modified butterfly roof line permits gives a spaciousness and a richness of perspectives that are quite unexpected in a confined urban site.

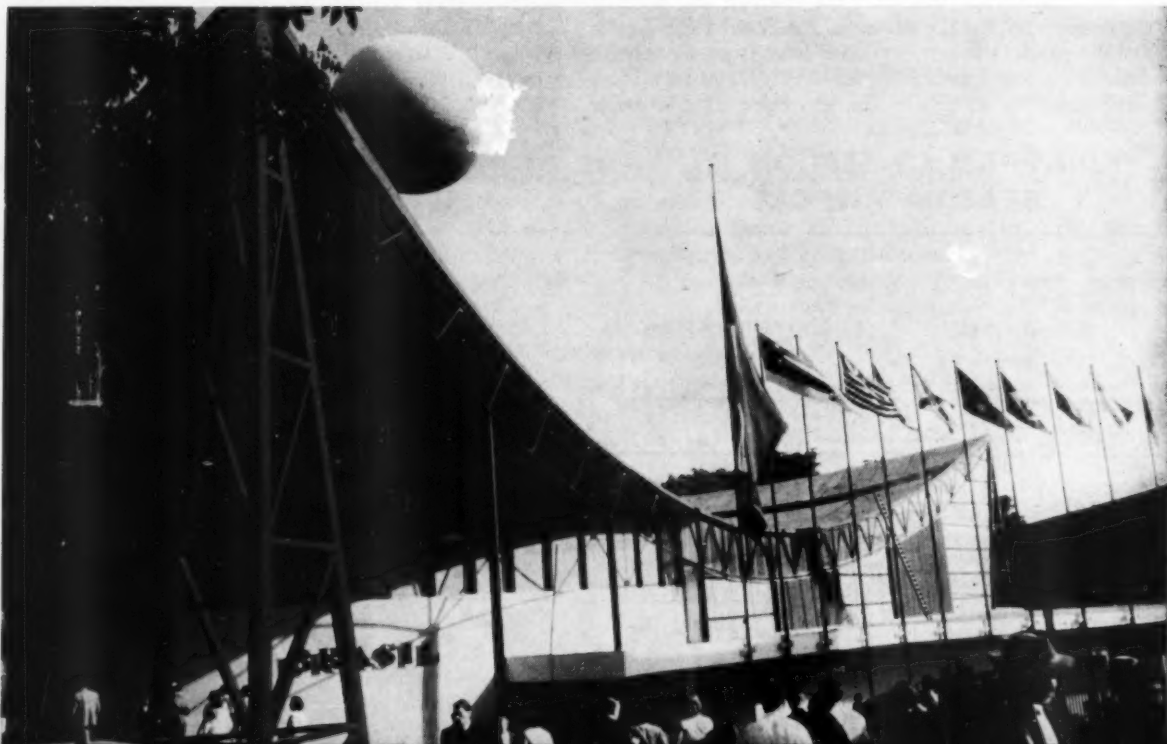
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The organization of space, the sense of abstract composition in three dimensions, is typical of Bernardes' work. More uniquely personal to him, perhaps, is his understanding of the symbolic value of spatial relations in communicating an emotional message or an idea. The Brasília airport is designed on the theme of hospitality, to reduce by efficient planning the tediousness of air travel, and to accentuate the human values. These principles are not pertinent to Brasília alone—they could be applied equally well to any great airport. Similarly, the worshipper's orientation as he enters the Dominican Chapel stresses his relation to the Deity.

Bernardes designed Brazilian pavilion at Brussels World's Fair. Balloon could be pulled down to cover patio tropical garden



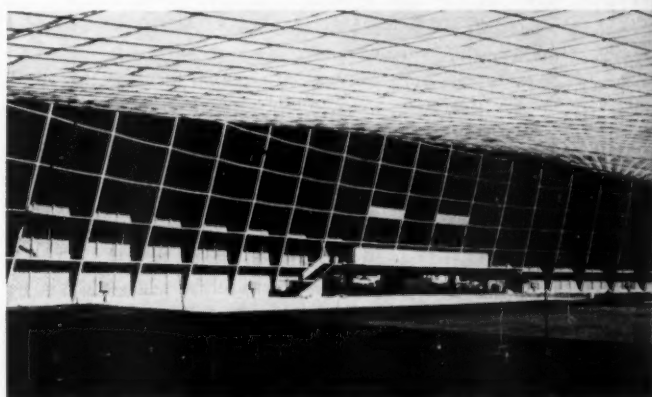
The symbolic meaning of spatial proportions is skillfully employed in one of Bernardes' current projects, a design for Interama, a proposed permanent Western Hemisphere exposition to be built near Miami, Florida. Along the road that encircles the central lagoon will be the pavilions of the twenty-one OAS nations and Canada. Because the nations are juridically equal, the main pavilion and the land area for each will be the same size. For a theme structure, Bernardes proposes a six-hundred-foot tower, to be located on an island in the middle of the lagoon. Its shape—two links of a chain—will represent Hemisphere unity, and its material—clear plastic—will symbolize the fragility of man.

Currently under construction in Rio is the São Cristóvão Pavilion, a permanent exposition hall that will have the largest area of open floor space without columns or transverse walls of any building in the world. Its inauguration is scheduled for this month. The bold, free sweep of wall, soaring at the two highest points to the height of a ten-story building, encloses an oval floor space measuring two hundred by three hundred meters. A grid of steel cables suspended from the top of the wall supports an aluminum roof, determining and visually accenting its parabolic curves. The walls themselves are a veritable latticework in masonry, permitting the free circulation of air and a view of the city outside. By discarding the dominantly rectilinear conventions of traditional architecture, and daring to make extensive use of the structural and esthetic properties of curves, the new geometry of architecture that has been developing in Brazil in the last three decades finds exciting and exhilarating expression in the São Cristóvão Pavilion. Here is a new concept of monumentality, the direct opposite of the ponderous, solid massif. Here is the freedom of enormous space and, above all, openness and unlimited expanse in every dimension. And in all this geometry, Bernardes has not lost sight of man. To feel the full impact of vastness, the visitor must not be confronted with it suddenly upon stepping through a doorway. An entrance passageway has been provided under a low cantilevered marquee, scaled to human proportions to give dramatic contrast to the great open space within.

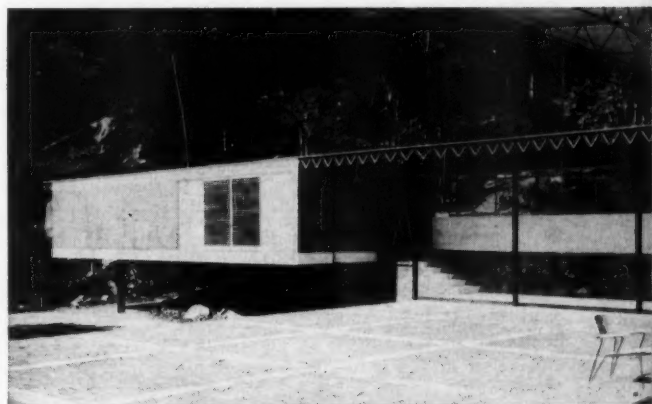
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Sweeping curves of São Cristóvão Pavilion, before roof was built

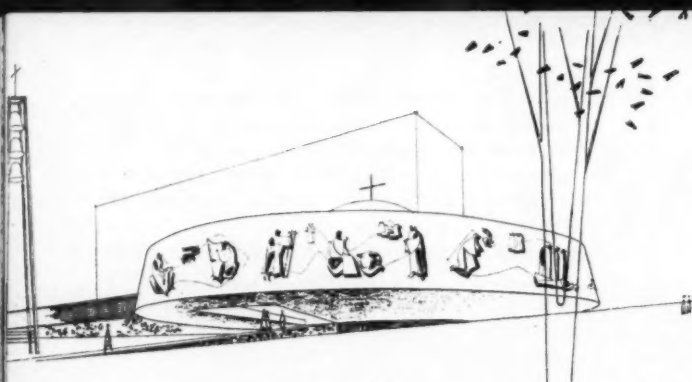


Cable grid that will support pavilion roof repeats wall pattern



Owner's suite seen from library terrace of Soares house, near Rio

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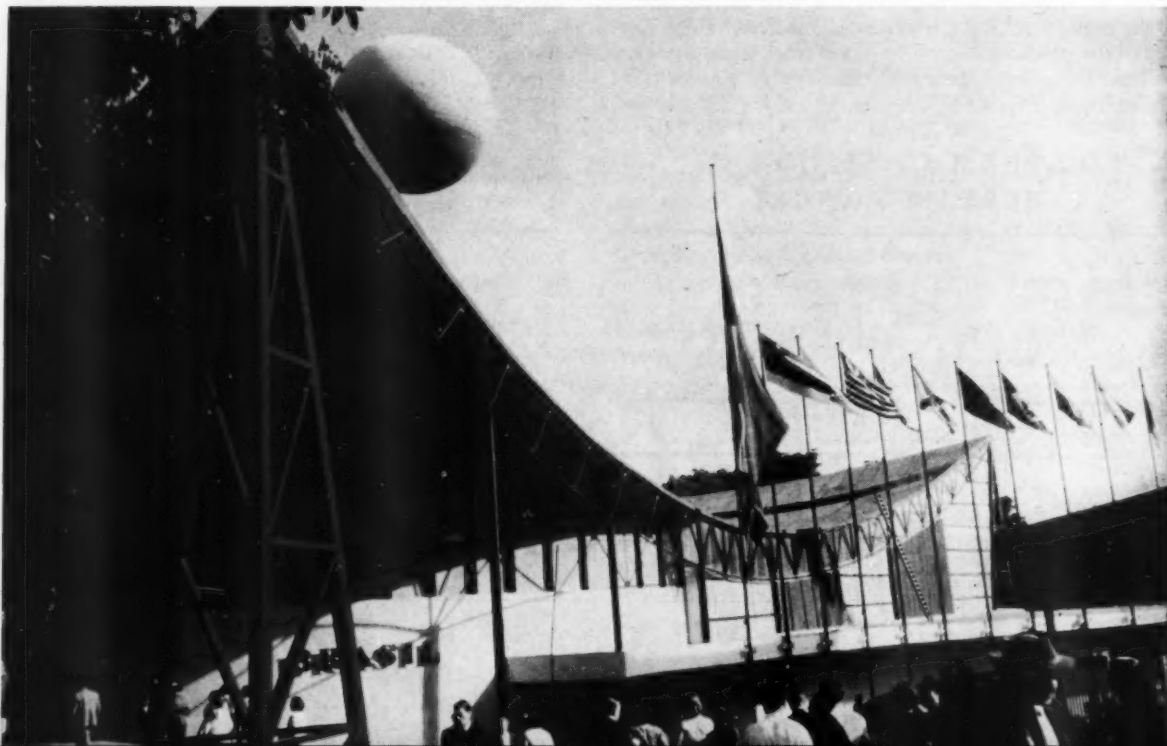
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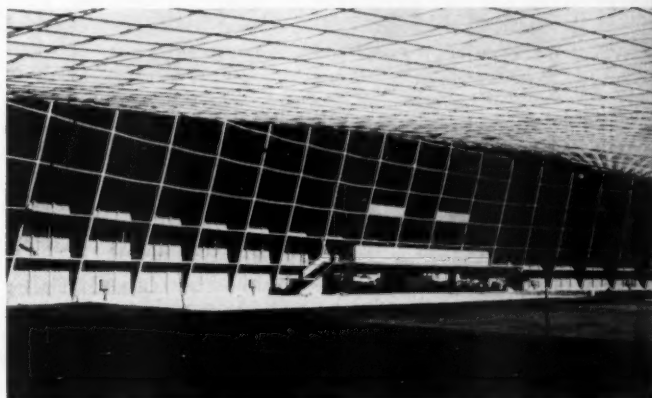
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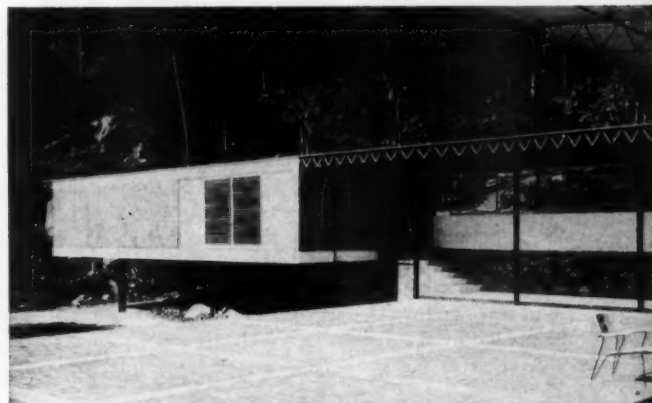
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The Human Rights Commission

AT ITS FIRST period of sessions, in Washington in October, the newly established Inter-American Commission on Human Rights asked to have its powers extended, so that it could bring the pressure of publicity to bear on governments that may seriously violate the rights of their citizens and ignore the Commission's suggestions for remedial action. Although there was one dissenting vote on the question, this underscored the view that the Commission's scope of action is too narrowly limited under the watered-down statutes adopted for it by the OAS Council.

What was the origin of this new agency? The constitutions of all the American republics proclaim the basic rights of man and promise protection for them, but it has repeatedly been evident that these essential ideals and these basic documents have not sufficed to prevent whole governments or individual strong men from trampling on those rights and making a mockery of the doctrines. As a result, there has for some time been a movement to give some kind of international standing or force, within the inter-American system, to the rights of man.

The 1945 Inter-American Conference on Problems of War and Peace, held in Mexico City, decided that a "Declaration of International Rights and Duties of Man" should be drawn up as an annex to the projected charter for the inter-American system. The Bogotá Conference of 1948, which adopted the OAS Charter with treaty status, passed the American Declaration of the Rights and Duties of Man merely as a resolution. It proclaims the rights to life, liberty, and personal security, to equality before the law and due process of law, to religious freedom, to freedom of speech, to education, to work, and to vote by secret ballot, among others, along with complementary social duties. The same meeting referred to the Inter-American Juridical Committee the idea, proposed by Uruguay, of establishing an Inter-American Court to guarantee the rights of man. But it was not until the Fifth Meeting of Consultation of Ministers of Foreign Affairs in Santiago, Chile, in August 1959, that further direct steps were taken in this field. It was this meeting that created the new Commission, and at the same time called on the Inter-American Council of Jurists to prepare drafts of an inter-American convention on human rights and of one to establish the Inter-American Court. These latter matters, combined by the Jurists in one draft, will be up for consideration at the Quito Inter-American Conference next March.

Meanwhile, the OAS Council went ahead with drawing up the statutes for the Commission and electing the members. There are seven commissioners, chosen from lists of three candidates proposed by each government, but to represent all the member states jointly, not their own. The people elected—for four-year terms, and eligible for re-election—bring a wide range of experience to their challenging task. They are: Manuel Bianchi Gundián, Chilean diplomat, journalist, professor, and former Minister of

Foreign Affairs; Angela Acuña de Chacón, the first woman to get a law degree in Costa Rica, a pioneer in the fields of women's rights and social welfare, and a diplomat, who resigned as Costa Rican Ambassador to the OAS to take the Rights Commission position; Gonzalo Escudero, Ecuadorian lawyer and diplomat, who was also an Ambassador to the OAS until last month and will serve as Ambassador to Argentina while a member of the Commission; Gabino Fraga, Mexican jurist and Supreme Court justice; Reynaldo Galindo Pohl, Salvadorian jurist, diplomat, and professor, who, as Minister of Culture, was responsible for a large-scale literacy campaign; Rómulo Gallegos, professor, author—best-known for his novel *Doña Bárbara*—and former President of Venezuela; and Durward V. Sandifer, who has just retired after a twenty-six-year career with the U.S. Department of State and is the author of *Evidence Before International Tribunals*.

At the Commission's first working session, Dr. Gallegos was chosen chairman and Dr. Bianchi vice-chairman, both for two-year terms.

When the OAS Council was drawing up the Commission's statutes, there was a basic difference of opinion as to whether it should be empowered to investigate and report on specific violations of rights. In the final voting, a key paragraph authorizing the Commission to examine complaints from individuals or groups, and process them under terms spelled out in subsequent articles, garnered nine votes, two short of the necessary majority. Mexico, Honduras, Chile, Ecuador, El Salvador, Peru, Venezuela, Colombia, and Cuba were counted in favor. Other provisions dealing with this procedure and with publication of the Commission's reports, and enumerating the rights covered, picked up one more vote, that of Costa Rica, but likewise failed to pass. What was left of the statutes was adopted by a vote of twenty to nothing, with the Dominican Republic abstaining.

In the Commission itself, there remained some doubt as to the scope of Article 9(b), which authorizes the Commission

to make recommendations to the governments of the member states in general, if it considers such action advisable, for the adoption of progressive measures in favor of human rights within the framework of their domestic legislation and, in accordance with their constitutional precepts, appropriate measures to further the faithful observance of those rights.

The interpretation it finally agreed upon was that this permits the Commission to make general recommendations to all member states or any one of them.

The statutes left the Commission without any instructions about handling or receiving complaints or communications about rights violations, but some thirty such communications arrived before its first period of sessions was over. Under the regulations the Commission adopted for itself, it agreed to take cognizance of such communications and decide whether to forward them to the govern-

ments concerned. (The sender's identity would not be revealed without his express permission, in any case.) No action was taken on these messages at this time; three members were assigned to review them and report to the next meeting.

Another recess assignment given the members was preparation of studies on: methods for making the promotion and defense of human rights effective; political, economic, and social conditions in the Americas that influence human rights; the relation between promotion and protection of human rights, on the one hand, and the effective exercise of representative democracy, on the other; improvement of electoral procedures and measures for assuring the right to vote; the most effective legal measures for protection of rights; and measures to assure effective freedom of speech. The Commission also recom-

mended formation of national committees on human rights to cooperate in educating the public.

The Commission's request for expanded powers, presented to the OAS Council, will be dealt with at the Quito Conference if the matter is not settled by the Council. It is in the form of additions to the statutes to authorize the Commission to examine complaints about rights violations and prepare reports on them, including recommendations, whose application would be subject to the constitutional provisions of the country concerned. If the government should not adopt the recommended measures in a reasonable time, the Commission could publish the report, but only in very serious cases and by the vote of an absolute majority of the members. The Commission itself will meet again after the Conference, probably in May. ☛

Highlights of Address by Chairman Rómulo Gallegos

At OAS Council Meeting Honoring Members of Commission, October 13, 1960

UNDOUBTEDLY, THE PEOPLES of our Hemisphere have put their confidence in the Inter-American Commission on Human Rights, and it must not be just one more of the committees of the OAS, with an uncertain or precarious mission, artificially superimposed on reality, in which the letter of the law already duly provides for the defense and protection of the rights inherent in the nature of man. Those who look upon the situation that way might raise the objection that the Commission will not fill a void, that it will not amount to anything more than an addition of formalities to disguise insincere desires to preserve the dignity of man, one of the fundamental aspirations of democracy.

As a matter of fact, in our countries things go on, under the façade of the juridical and political institutions, as if the individual's freedom, tranquility, and dignity—his happiness, in short—were sufficiently guaranteed; but this does not happen always and everywhere, just as it can no longer be held that geographical boundaries make the fate of one people something foreign to another, especially when a common spirit and parallel history are carrying them toward the same destiny, as happens with most of the peoples of our Hemisphere.

. . . Set above all petty desires, intransigent egoism, or, particularly, the appetites for clawing and biting that still let man be a wolf toward his fellow man, both on the individual and on the national level, every good, responsible activity must strive to give all the vast human family, without distinction of race or of religious or political beliefs, the same equal opportunity to enjoy the good things of life, under the protection of a juridical order that is strictly respected in all lands.

And that is why this aspiration appears so forcefully in the American Declaration of the Rights and Duties of Man: "The international protection of the rights of man should be the principal guide of an evolving American law."

. . . Unfortunately, individuals, the real subjects of the rights that we have been charged with protecting, have not

been given the necessary ability to protest the abuses of which they have been victims. I maintain the hope that the institution we make up will progress in this and other aspects, until it will correspond to what our peoples demand and need. The statutes of the Commission themselves point out paths for its improvement. Upon us, upon our tenacity and our moral strength, will depend, in large measure, the future of this initial victory that the governments of the Hemisphere have put in our hands. For respect for the dignity of man and the protection of his rights must be the fundamental concern of our aims.

I do not want to take the easy road of skepticism. I believe that we who have come here to make up the Commission are not cherishing an unachievable dream. Rather I believe that effective achievement of this inter-American ideal can follow from the obligation that has been outlined for us, if we fulfill it well. Even to the extent of preventing recourse to nice legal formalisms from concealing a flouting of high moral obligations.

National sovereignty is a matter of obvious and primary importance, but no less so is the human individual, the final but often forgotten objective of the action of the state and of all endeavors of collective betterment. Clearly, the setting of limits on acts of oppression and abuse of human rights is not a task to be done overnight, for a large and shameful proportion of mankind seems to have been born and raised for such acts; but the experiment that is being tried here, within the evolution of inter-American law, cannot be totally fruitless.

There is a thirst for justice in various parts of the Americas. Conscientious peoples, who possess the inviolable right to seek material and spiritual welfare and have it respected, feel this thirst, and our Commission, following the aim of protecting and defending the rights that constitute human dignity, cannot be destined for failure, as an imaginative idea of dreamers, because, on the contrary, it finds its *raison d'être* in the best aspirations of the American spirit. ☛

Book Fair of the Américas

TWENTY-ONE AMERICAN REPUBLICS and Canada were all represented at the Third American Book Festival, held in Buenos Aires in October. Writers, publishers, book sellers, and others interested in the world of books enjoyed the lectures, round-table forums, and an exhibit of five thousand books. The participants took a close look at the role of books in the Americas and the problems confronting the publishing industry today.

Officially representing the OAS at the Festival was Dr. Juan Marín, Director of the PAU Department of Cultural Affairs. He emphasized to the delegates the continuing interest of the OAS in promoting wider dissemination of books so that there might be more understanding among the nations of the Hemisphere. The PAU coordinated the shipment of exhibits for the Festival, while an organizing committee in Argentina was in charge of planning the program.

On behalf of the Pan American Union, Dr. Marín signed cultural agreements with the rectors of the national universities of Buenos Aires, El Litoral, and Córdoba. The pacts cover the exchange of professors and students under OAS programs and the supplying of information concern-

ing inter-American organs by the OAS; in return the universities agreed to give courses on OAS history and activities.

In a telegram read at the Festival's opening session, OAS Secretary General José A. Mora made these observations: "There are many barriers impeding wide distribution of books and opportunities for cultural enrichment. Hence the extraordinary importance of book festivals contributing to the elimination of all kinds of curtains that keep minds apart. Thanks to the broad vision of the universities of the Americas it has been possible to hold book festivals, sponsored by the OAS. . . .

"Books are instruments for cultural values that have always been at the heart of Argentine history. The fathers of the May Revolution, learned figures and universal men, were thinkers, travelers, reformers, and writers; that is to say, book creators and book devotees. The Public Library in Buenos Aires, today the National Library of the Argentine Republic, was founded by the incomparable Mariano Moreno, who realized the transcendental importance of books in bringing the peoples of the Americas closer together. Well they knew that books unite what geography has separated."

There was a great deal of variety in the Festival's exhibits. Some dealt with science and technology, others with art, philosophy, education, and history. A Mexican display featured excellent books on art, and another outstanding specialized exhibit was the Argentine display of first issues of literary magazines. The United States had the largest single exhibit. A highlight of the three-week program was a lecture by the Peruvian Ciro Alegria, author of *El Mundo Es Ancho y Ajeno* (*Broad and Alien Is the World*). Panel discussion on problems in book distribution focused on the high cost of paper, high duties on importation of paper, and high postage rates.

Upon his return to Washington, Dr. Marín termed the Festival an outstanding success with immediate effects. "For example," he said, "the Festival drew innumerable teachers and students and was for them a real class in literature. The professor would tell his students about an author, his works, his tendencies, and the impact of his books, and then illustrate his lecture in the most impressive and worthwhile manner the students could expect: taking them to meet the author himself at the Book Festival."

"The Festivals," continued Dr. Marín, "by bringing together government officials, printers, authors, and book salesmen, constitute a magnificent occasion for exposing and explaining the stumbling blocks inhibiting the distribution of books. There is no doubt that governments will ultimately be convinced of the necessity for letting books cross the borders freely so they may carry the culture contained in their pages from one country to another."

In one of his speeches at the Festival Dr. Marín urged the creation of an Inter-American Commission for the Protection of Book Rights.

Previous Book Festivals had been held in Caracas in 1956 and Rio de Janeiro in 1958. The Fourth American Book Festival is scheduled for 1962 in San Salvador, and the Fifth for 1964 in Santiago, Chile. ☛

Argentine stall at Book Fair





Capacity crowd of eight hundred attends Bach Festival performance in Sunset Auditorium in Carmel, California

BACH IN CALIFORNIA

DOROTHY NICHOLS

THE BACH FESTIVAL in Carmel, California, is taking its place among the world festivals of music. In its twenty-third season this July, the Festival could boast excellent singers and instrumentalists from all parts of the United States, authoritative experts on baroque music, and inspired interpretations. Yet it had not lost its original atmosphere of local enthusiasm.

Carmel's setting reminds you of Spanish colonial days in California. Mission San Carlos Borromeo del Río Carmelo, built in 1771 (twenty-one years after the death of Johann Sebastian Bach) by the great Franciscan Father Junípero Serra, stands at the edge of the town overlooking the river mouth and holds its founder's tomb. With the blue mountains beyond it, and the sea to one side, there is something primitive and touching in its weathered, tawny stone, and a serene refinement in the lines of its dome and starry rose window.

The town became a retreat for artists and writers at the beginning of this century. Today it is a modern community where parking space is a problem. Yet there is

something all its own in its appearance: gardens with a Côte d'Azur luxuriance of flowers; sandy paths instead of sidewalks; and more pedestrians in the streets than in any other place in California.

Bach Masses were sung in the Mission in the early days. The Festival is now held in a school auditorium that seats only eight hundred, but this intimacy is essential, since the harpsichord, the viola da gamba, and recorders have delicate sounds and much chamber music is performed. Carmel's problem is not how to draw an audience, but what to do with the crowds that come.

The Festival was initiated by the late Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous, who first dreamed of it in 1932. Miss Denny was a pianist who was playing "moderns" like Schoenberg in the 'twenties. She and her friend Miss Watrous, who later became concert managers, brought cellist Michel Penha to Carmel and organized an amateur orchestra. From this grew a three-day "Little Festival" of Bach in 1935, with American composer and pianist Ernst Bacon as conductor. The *B Minor Mass* was added to the



Sandor Salgo, Stanford University faculty member, has directed Festival for five years

repertoire in 1938, along with conductor Gastone Usigli, who led the Festival through 1955. Upon his death, Sandor Salgo was engaged as conductor and Richard Lert as guest conductor. For the last five years Salgo, who is on the faculty of Stanford University, has been director.

In the United States today, colleges and universities support musicians, taking the place once held by petty princes and the churches. Many of the Festival participants are on a faculty somewhere, though there are also performers from professional orchestras, and this year Theodor Uppman of the Metropolitan Opera in New York sang at Carmel. Putnam Aldrich, an authority on harpsichord music, came from Stanford University, which is not far from Carmel; Eva Heinitz, who plays the viola da gamba, from the University of the State of Washington; Colin and Roberta Sterne, who specialize in music from the thirteenth to the eighteenth centuries, brought their ancient instruments and skill from Pennsylvania; Miklos Schwalb, concert pianist, came from the New England Conservatory in Boston. The large chorus is drawn from Carmel itself; the soloists and other singers from various parts of California form a smaller choral group.

Everyone, from the Metropolitan Opera star to the trombone player who heralds the Festival's opening, receives no more than transportation, lodging, and the minimum union fee. The Festival is now incorporated as a non-profit community institution.

Why do musicians come long distances and put in strenuous weeks of rehearsal and performance—sometimes two concerts a day? For love of the music, obviously, and for the experience of participating in illuminating interpretations. Salgo has the ability to draw the best out of each individual, to make musicians surpass themselves. At Stanford he directs orchestral and chamber music and opera. Hungarian born, he came to the United States in 1937 and toured as violist with the Roth String Quartet. He has recently conducted in Mexico City, and he has been guest conductor with the San Francisco Symphony, and the BBC and Halle Orchestras in England. In Carmel he is an expert on baroque music and a medievalist. But unlike the typical devotee of these things, he does not hold the nineteenth century in scorn; he has, moreover, proved his

understanding of our own century at Stanford where he conducted *The Rake's Progress* and Stravinsky's *Oedipus Rex*.

Bach is still the heart and soul of the Festival. The final Sunday is always given over to the *B Minor Mass* or to one of the *Passions*. In the last season it was the *Passion According to St. Matthew*, which I consider the greatest of all oratorios. This masterpiece, a drama of hate, stupidity, and sacrifice, transmuted into compassionate meditation in the arias and brought close to the heart of the listener by his participation in two of the chorales, was given a special character by the antiphonal division of the choirs, and the use of baroque instruments in the orchestra: recorders with the flutes, and the viola da gamba. Salgo let in the light. The sharpness of human conflict was intense. Rapid tempos gave the whole a tragic urgency.

Baritone Theodor Uppman's compassionate, organ-toned voice, his penetrating artistry in the words of Jesus, were heard also in the moving "realism" of the *Kreutzstab Cantata* on opening night, when three settings of the "Passion" chorale were also offered. During the week there were two other cantatas: *Sleepers, Wake*, and *Poor Wretched Man*; one of the greatest Bach works, the *Magnificat in D Major*; songs from *The Little Notebook of Anna Magdalena*; the *F Minor Harpsichord Concerto*; preludes and fugues from the *Well-Tempered Clavichord*; organ chorale preludes and a chronological organ program, ranging from Bach's young, decorative period, through the work of his days in Weimar and Leipzig, to the final *Deathbed Organ Chorale*. A piano recital by Miklos Schwalb revealed that the *Three-Part Inventions*, particularly the ninth, could be, instead of interesting mathematics, the most intimate penetration of Bach's mind and heart.

Many sides of the baroque were represented. Ludwig Altman's organ recital began with works of the sixteenth-century Spanish Araujo, followed by Cabezón, Cabanilles, and Anselm Viola. One of the Festival's most striking choral works was Victoria's *Magnificat in the Sixth Mode* with three separate choirs culminating in a final trinity. Bach's great French contemporary, a present idol of the enthusiasts, Marc-Antoine Charpentier, was represented by his *Midnight Mass on Christmas Carols*, which preserves a clear, simple, folk-like quality throughout.

Sinfonia, by Michele Straticò (of a Greek family in Trieste), a score made available from a collection of

Carmel landmark Mission San Carlos Borromeo del Río Carmelo was built by Franciscan Father Junípero Serra



eighteenth-century Italian music at the University of California, had a Mozartean sparkle. On the evening entitled "Paris in Bach's Time, the Concerts Spirituels" (which were worldly affairs, but allowed only on holy days when the opera monopoly was not performing), a *Simphonie Concertante* by Le Chevalier de St. George, a soldier, opera and orchestra composer, born in Guadalupe in the West Indies, was offered. This was a first U.S. west coast performance, as was the reading of the *Symphony in D Major* of Louis-Charles Ragué, a Parisian virtuoso of the harp. For this, the conductor's score was prepared by graduate students from instrumental parts in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris.

Most obscure of all was Jakob Scheffelhut, whose *Seventh Suite* deserved a first U.S. performance just for its full title, which translates to *Lovely Beginning of Spring, or Musical Sound of String Instruments, which agreeably presents to the Eye a charming Flower Array, to the Sense of Smell the delicate Perfume of Balsam, and to the Ear alike, in Preludes, Allemandes, Courantes, Balli, Sarabandes, Arias, and Giges*. Another "first" was a newly authenticated piano concerto by C.P.E. Bach, the only work that proved not worth the bother of reviving.

These are composers who make those ordinarily classed as "minor"—Locatelli, Galuppi and Telemann—stand out like giants. Telemann's *Suite in D Major* had the advantage of the wonderful Eva Heinitz playing the viola da gamba. Locatelli's *Christmas Concerto* brought the finest tone from the strings, and was a reminder that the best works of the "minor" artists often equal minor works of the great. Handel was only heard once, in a recitative and aria from a pastoral cantata, *Delirio Amoroso*. Concertmistress Rosemary Waller's vigor and gleaming tone showed to good advantage in *Winter* from Vivaldi's *Seasons*.

Then, out of the elegant, the witty and charming, came Mozart's *G Minor Symphony*. After listening to early instruments—virginals, psaltery, recorders, cromorne, tiny bells—the Mozart orchestra Saturday evening sounded overwhelmingly modern and big, the music dissonant and personal. For the first time we heard Mozart as his contemporaries must have, with even the thunders of the approaching French Revolution in his symphony. Salgo followed the tragic with a dazzling, comic Mozart, the *Marriage of Figaro Overture*, and then returned to Bach with the traditional playing of his most familiar *Air* on the strings.

The 1960 Festival went farther back in time before the baroque than we are from Bach, in presenting *The Play of Daniel*, the twelfth century Romanesque liturgical oratorio from Beauvais. It was the first time it had been performed in the United States outside of New York. This is probably not a line of development that will be pursued, or the Festival would fall apart, but it was justified in 1960 because the Festival had the instruments, the authorities, the singers to do it, and the music is an extraordinary ear opener.

The *Play of Daniel* is a medieval precursor of opera, oratorio, and the passion plays. Like many of the works of Bach it incorporates secular elements in the service



Crowd entering auditorium has just been serenaded by herald trombones from window above

of a sacred purpose. This drama retains the early elements of processions—the King's, the Queen's, the seeking of the Prophet. But these develop into scenes of sharp, visual action, as the overthrow of Belshazzar, or Daniel with the lions calmed by an angel's sword, or the false counselors thrown to lions who have regained their appetites. Dr. Glynne Wickham, of Bristol University in England and the Old Vic Theater, staged it in quiet tableaux and brief, telling action, preserving the play's liturgical character. Having the actors of the *Play* turn back into the "clerks" of Beauvais at their exit in candlelight procession was an imaginative touch. The show was handsomely costumed and highly pictorial.

On the stage the well-known story is self-explanatory. Though a prologue is desirable for modern audiences, to explain the mixed theology, it was never intended that the flow of the opera should be interrupted every few minutes for narrative explanation, as it was in this version, even if this is by a poet, W. H. Auden, and some eight hundred years later. This breaks up the music's continuity and contrast. The singing is homophonic, but not monotonous—its contrasts lie in the variety of voices. The melodic line carries a surprising emotional range. The Cloister recording's shower of bells at the end, and the liveliness of choir boy voices, were missing, but the cast in Carmel was excellent, and tenor Paul Mayo's beautiful singing and complete dignity made a finer Daniel.

Plans are already under way for the twenty-fourth Carmel Festival in July 1961. It will be extended from seven days to ten so that more music-minded pilgrims may enjoy more Bach. ☛



Amateurs and professionals alike enjoy singing and playing in Carmel Festival



RECENT CHILEAN LITERATURE

Reviewed by Dorothy Hayes de Huneus

ULTIMA LLAMA, by Luis Merino Reyes. Santiago, Editorial Nascimento, 1959. 198 p.

"He runs after you when he's fed up and runs away from you when he can't stand feeling guilty any longer. . . ." The comment proffered by a friend to Ofelia may be taken as a crude but fairly accurate summing-up of the whole theme of Luis Merino Reyes' *Ultima Llama* (Last Flame). Primarily a poet, Merino Reyes is also the author of three or four slender volumes of short stories, the travelogue *Rumbo a Oceania* (Voyage to Oceania) and another novel, *Regazo Amargo* (Lap of Affliction). A number of Chilean critics have assigned him a distinguished place in the vanguard of the movement—more than once remarked on in these pages—away from over-emphasis on a natural setting that tends to dwarf humanity, and toward the common ground of thought and feeling that the people of Chile share with the rest of mankind. There is no particular depth or originality, though there is plenty of realism, in the psychological insight displayed in *Ultima Llama*. Javier's last flame is really a first flame rekindled, and his problem is complicated by a certain similarity of semi-cultured middle-class background, a certain community of outlook and interests, that strengthen passion with an admixture of friendship. But even so, it is simple and usual enough: the problem of a man of sensibility torn between his obsessive need for his mistress and his loyalty to a wife who is just sufficiently intelligent to offer, in general, only the passive resistance of redoubled wifely and maternal tenderness and solicitude. The external action of the novel is reduced to the barest minimum, and its internal action to a going-back-and-forth over the same terrain, with slight variations as the three protagonists are viewed now directly through the author's eyes, now through their own or their friends',

and as hesitations, jealousies, decisions taken and revoked, compunction on the one side and mounting resentment on the other, slowly drive the lovers on toward their final separation. The abortion that seems to have become practically *de rigueur* in a Chilean novel of this type marks a kind of turning point; Ofelia's attitude of bluntly materialistic acceptance is in conflict with the man's more confused and sentimental approach.

Javier, Ofelia, and Filomena have no surnames, and even their Christian names are frequently discarded in favor of the implication that they are interesting merely as specimens of the behavior of their sex, at a given time, in a given social environment. Similarly, while one is aware of the city of Santiago at every turn, it is never mentioned by name. No street or building or place of entertainment is identified, not even the Cerro Santa Lucía, that abrupt little terraced hill, favorite rendezvous for lovers, where one evening, after a long spell of abandonment, and fresh from pouring out her stored-up exasperation to a friend, Ofelia "saw a phantom rise from a shadowy patch of turf to bar her way. It was Javier." But for the first time she found she had the strength to reject him once and for all.

This curious atmosphere of deliberately cultivated impersonality and anonymity is somehow in keeping with a kind of stiffness in the style, a fondness for words that are odd in themselves or oddly applied, a touch of artificiality in the language of soliloquy, that characterize Merino Reyes' novel. In short: a slice of life served on a polished but still knotty oaken trencher.

LOS AMANTES DESUNIDOS, by Salvador Reyes. Santiago, Empresa Editora Zig-Zag, 1959. 288 p.

SALUDOS AL PASAR, by Salvador Reyes. Santiago, Editorial del Pacífico, 1959. 236 p.

Restraint in description is the last quality that could be attributed to Salvador Reyes, the author of *Los Amantes Desunidos* (The Divided Lovers). He takes his readers on a complete conducted tour of Barcelona, for instance, before allowing his hero—a Chilean painter who has been living in wartime Paris—even to enter the city. It must be admitted, however, that he has succeeded in making at least one of his readers long to go there. His accumulation of detail is only part of a genuine power to capture and communicate the spirit and atmosphere of places—or, at any rate, of places that he loves. In another recent book, *Saludos al Pasar* (Hail and Farewell), his reminiscences of Paris and the Seine, in peace and in war, make much better reading than his treatment of London and the Thames, to the charm of which he is, in surprising contrast to most Chileans, patently insensible. However, as the title indicates, this collection of sketches makes no pretense of representing more than a passing glance at its subjects, and as light entertainment it is agreeable enough, particularly in the case of some of the European vignettes in the chapters called "Paisajes [Landscapes]," and the amusing "Diario de los Baleares" in the section on the Mediterranean. Here, too, Barcelona reappears. In fact the two books, pub-

lished almost simultaneously, have so evidently drawn their sustenance from the same founts of experience that they continually invite comparison. Even their defects are not dissimilar; there is something in the rather superficial tone of *Saludos al Pasar* that seems akin to the carelessness about dates—inaccuracies in respect to the war, inconsistencies in references to the protagonists' private lives—that is an irritating minor trait of *Los Amantes Desunidos*. Conversely, one of the most curious and interesting passages in *Saludos al Pasar* is the description of the Parisian tramp or *clochard*, in which the key sentence—"To apply the word 'degeneration' to the *clochard* is merely to betray our want of understanding and our prejudice vis-à-vis a form of the free life"—might have served as the text for the semi-mystical defense of the Spanish beggar (something of an eye-opener to the Anglo-Saxon mentality) with which, in the first page or two of *Los Amantes Desunidos*, Javier Gaona is ushered into Spain.

This digression, like some of Javier's long discussions with his friends on the artist's approach to life versus that of the sociologist, or on the negative and positive roles of particular ideologies, churches, and nations in mankind's quest for freedom and happiness, is justified by the directness of its relation to one of the main themes of the novel: the anti-fanatical and anti-totalitarian ideal of individual liberty. But there are other digressions in which the connection is much more tenuous, or scarcely perceptible at all. It is basically a story of international counterespionage, although this thread of interest is interwoven with another that is purely psychological, as the pressure of events gradually converts the neurasthenic artist into a man of action—a single action, intended to be his last. Ironically, however, in the "accident" that his burst of heroism contrives he succeeds in killing his enemies and only injuring himself. The war, in coming to an end, is scattering the little group of friends that it arbitrarily brought together in Barcelona; and lonely before him stretches a life that is now finally to sunder by physical separation the bond between the lovers who have so long been emotionally divided. Javier with his hypochondria, his incessant broodings and vacillations, his morbid sensitivity, and Irene with her sullen silences, her smouldering rancours and her incomprehensible form of pride, are surely the most exasperating pair ever met with in a work of fiction, and it says much for Salvador Reyes' skill as a creator of character that he manages to maintain our interest in them to the very end.

DE OTRA ARCILLA, by Gloria Montaldo. Santiago, Empresa Editora Zig-Zag, 1960. 166 p.

With the example of Gabriela Mistral before them, it would be strange if literature were not one of the fields in which Chilean women aspired to compete with men on equal terms; and certainly Ariel and Diana, in Gloria Montaldo's *De Otra Arcilla* (Made of Different Clay), come close to Javier and Irene as provokers of the desire to administer a good healthy shaking. This novel about a young teacher, born and brought up in the capital, who obtains her first post in a beautiful small town in the

rainy south of Chile, and there has a highly unsatisfactory love affair with a highly unsatisfactory young man, is interesting chiefly for its meticulous portrayal of life and educational conditions in a provincial backwater. Many things combine to form a depressing picture that, although one-sided, is too graphic and precise in its details, too obviously drawn from firsthand experience, not to create a certain impression of authenticity. There are: the difficulty of finding decent accommodation, and the poverty-stricken squalor of the gloomy lodgings in which Diana (the narrator of the story) eventually settles with an ailing and eccentric widow and her homosexual daughter; the school with its outsize classes, its lack of proper discipline, its wretched so-called library; the stolid unresponsiveness of the pupils; the monotonous sing-song of the local accent, hardly more noticeable in the pupils than in most of the teachers; the farcical form of election of the board of directors; the teachers themselves, sometimes untrained and underqualified, in many cases exercising some other profession or function in addition to their school work; the pressure exerted on them to push undeserving pupils through their examinations, or to undertake some outside task, such as flag-selling, when they should be teaching; the "friendships" established of necessity rather than by choice; the petty social snobbery; the perennial gossip, and the occasional major scandals, in one of which the Headmaster himself is involved.

LA HISTORIA DE MAXY, by Flor Dubournais. Santiago, Editorial del Pacífico, 1960. 117 p.

In addition to Gloria Montaldo, two other young women, likewise new writers, have recently contributed to the literature of the Chilean scene. But in Flor Dubournais' *La Historia de Maxy* (The Story of Maxy), the setting changes to a primitive fishing hamlet, which ultimately, thanks to the beauty of its cliffs and pines, its great rocks and little bay, becomes a summer resort for artists and students. The keynotes of Maxy's story are unmistakably tolerance and compassion. The illegitimate child of the village shoemaker's daughter, Maxy has inherited some of her grandfather's sturdy courage, common sense and mental honesty, but with it the keen sensibilities, the perceptive imagination, and the subtler type of intelligence presumably bequeathed her by her unknown father in the city. Her childish adoration of Don Ricardo Madeira, who "discovers" the village and buys her grandfather's land to build a big house on the cliff, who gives her the first books she has ever possessed, who talks to her as no one has ever talked before, whose rare and longed-for visits are for years the center and meaning of her life, deepens into a passion of pity as she watches the black moods that descend on him and that her innocent presence can sometimes help to dispel. When she is fifteen years old, one of the summer visitors—a young painter with whom, at the very end of the book, we are happy to see her falling in love—is startled and shocked to learn of her friendship with Don Ricardo, and tells her that he has a bad reputation on diverse counts. Maxy's reaction is unequivocal.

"There's a whole world inside me that belongs to him and is what is most important in me. If I write poetry,

it's because he made it possible. I never saw the rocks and the sea until he showed them to me. . . . He has given me everything. You do understand?"

The painter answers gently: "What you are you owe to no one, Maxy. You are yourself, different and alone, needing nobody, and so much in need of love and tenderness! But I assure you that you don't owe what you are to Ricardo Madeira!"

And she is silent, wanting him to leave her, dumbly pleading with him not to hurt her any more. For, helped by the wise sympathy of her grandfather and the village priest, Maxy has early learned, under the pressure of her illegitimacy on the one hand and her relationship with Don Ricardo on the other, the lesson of the indivisibility of an intense capacity for happiness and an intense vulnerability to pain.

A scrap of gossip overheard in the village shop where she takes a job during her school holidays, a conclave of her elders at which she is warned, in all kindness, to stay away from the Big House, leave her sick with horror at the corruption of her world of beauty by "evil and rottenness," with indignation that Don Ricardo should be judged by those who cannot plumb his devil-ridden depths of suffering, with despair that no one, not even she, can help him. One night, driven by an almost somnambulistic impulse, she goes up to the Big House, looks through the window as she used to do, and sees with her own eyes the perversion everyone has tried to keep her from knowing about. The shock is appalling. But, after a time, renewed contact with the painter, back from a visit to Europe, begins to thaw the frozen numbness in which her emotions have taken refuge.

For the first time since her headlong flight from the Big House to the church, where she had flung herself at the feet of Christ—not, as she now explains with careful honesty to her friend Father Sebastián, out of faith or repentance, but because she wanted the company of someone who had known suffering too—she goes to talk things over with the priest, reminding him of how he had said: "Sometimes, Maxy, evil and good are so mixed up that there's no separating them. And then one must leave even the good alone, because it is contaminated. . . ." "But, Father," she goes on, "you were only partly right. . . . He was good, and the goodness in him was pure. There was beauty in his feelings, and tenderness. He couldn't help the rest, but he wished he could. Those other things were his devils, his hell. I should like you to think of it that way. He was good, and he gave me so much!"

And Father Sebastián replies: "I believe you, Maxy. In any case, it's a problem whose solution will have to be left to God."

Sentimental? Perhaps. But Maxy's deep wellsprings of gratitude, affection, and charity, like the atmosphere of love and understanding in which she moves, are refreshing after the bitter brews offered us by some of the "angry young men" of Chile. How different, for instance, is the aftertaste of this novel from that of Enrique Lafourcade's *Pena de Muerte* (Death Penalty) which, although on a much more ambitious scale, has points of similarity in its setting and subject!



Eliana Wachholtz

SOL, by Eliana Wachholtz. Santiago, Editorial Universitaria, 1959. 86 p.

Eliana Wachholtz, the third of the new women writers, is the author of *Sol* (Sun) and is also responsible for the delicate line drawings that illustrate the text and the charming nursery gaiety of the cover. It is difficult to define the quality of this haunting little book. It is certainly lyrical, but with special poetry of its own, rooted in the idiom and imagination of the Chilean as Synge's was in those of the Irish peasant; a conscious and studied poetry, full of essentially rhythmical devices, like the picking up of an image here, a string of bird names there, and weaving them like shining threads in and out of the cool fabric of the passage in which Brulio comes upon Inelia blackberrying, amid the infinite chirpings and flutings of a summer evening. The hurried, broken rhythms of anger or excitement are suggested by the alternating of a gesture or action with each gasped-out scrap of speech; or similar constructions follow one another in harmonious succession, like the sounds that begin to sprout in the gentle sunlight of the day's end. It is an earthy poetry, humble and wholesome enough to find matter in the exact ways of making curd cheese, or *chicha*, or squat clay vessels and big-bellied pots and pitchers. But it is also a poetry sufficiently ethereal to breathe the secret longings of the reserved and serious Brulio, and the half-crazed dreams of gentle, lovable, witless Tadulio. It is a poetry enriched with intimate, precise and loving knowledge and observation of the sights and sounds and scents of the countryside of Chile. Above all, it is a poetry steeped in the omnipotent

splendor of the Chilean sun: the radiance that in the morning comes somersaulting down the slopes, and in the evening filters between the teeth of the men who sit laughing and leaning their backs against the adobe wall, and lightly touches their hearts, and makes them glad; the flaming sphere that swiftly and noiselessly ascends into the great white hollow silence of the dawn, or stands immovable above the sweltering threshing-floor, and heats the blood of Braulio and the carefree Matajuá the muleteer, and sets them brawling. Indeed, the sun, for Eliana Wachholtz, is a kind of celestial Puck, playing havoc with human affairs. If Inelia teases Braulio and Matajuá with her green-eyed glances, if she goes a-roving in the mountains with Tadulio to look for the mine, if she ends up in the arms of the muleteer and has to hurry back before the missions are over so that the visiting priests can get her safely wed, is not the sun to blame? As old Pancha in her crude country wisdom puts it, "A bit of sun has stuck in her gullet, and that's what makes her this way; once she gets rid of it, she'll be better. The sun tickles up her insides, she being so young, it goes to her eyes, she's tipsy with it."

And so poor Braulio loses Inelia through the sun's fault, and goes off to the big city, intending never to return; and perhaps, too, the sun's smiting rays, which once overpowered even Braulio on the mountain top, and almost delivered him into the talons of a condor, must be held responsible for Tadulio's end. Yet, after all, it is so ecstatic and so peaceful an ending that few, as they lay down the book, will feel disposed to quarrel with the sun of Chile.

DESNUDA, by Matilde Ladrón de Guevara. Buenos Aires, Editorial Losada, S.A., 1960. 120 p.

To these authoresses who are making their debut must now be added another already well known to Chile's literary world. It is like Matilde Ladrón de Guevara to have given her latest collection of poems—*Desnuda* (Naked)—a title that is a challenge flung in the face of all prudish or hypocritical concealment. It is like her, too, at the same time to have coolly defied current literary fashion by choosing so romantic and conventional a form as the sonnet; and, what is more, to have got away with it to the extent of eliciting from no less a paladin of free experimental verse than Pablo Neruda the tribute of such phrases as: "The sonnets of Matilde Ladrón de Guevara . . . are faithful portraits of her inasmuch as her indomitable eyes and generous profile were sculptured out of surf. . . ." (A strange metaphor, but explained, perhaps, by the surges of impulsive energy that sweep the poetess on from one sear of life to another.) "The sonnets were molded in the curves of pitchers fashioned out of precious clay . . . songs and shapely vessels, firm and delicate, self-suspended in arrogant elegance between earth and heaven. . . ." If even in her use of imagery there is a touch of this arrogance (she will daringly take into her service some exhausted metaphor—that of the ivy and the oak, for instance—confident of her power to infuse it with the vitality of her own dynamic personality),

there is certainly more than a touch of bold self-assurance in the stance, and hardihood in the gaze, with which she confronts life: yet these qualities, and the passion of the title poem, are blended with a profoundly feminine capacity for almost worshipping self-subjection ("I am woman, the fire that can only burn on your altar"). She is at her best when she strikes her gravest chords: for instance, in the poem that begins "In all that comes to birth, thou and thine essence. In all that flows, thou and thy river . . ."; or in the moving sonnet on the death of Gabriela Mistral, which ends with a prayer to the deep night to give her the rest that is "a rhythmic falling into darkness, and a slumbrous thirst that welcomes sleep"; or in the "Serenata Interrumpida" whose title, like the book as a whole, and particularly the twenty-seven poems grouped as an homage to Claude Achille Debussy, reflects that love of music from which, directly or indirectly, her deepest emotional experiences have sprung.



Matilde Ladrón de Guevara

MISA DE RÉQUIEM, by Guillermo Blanco. Santiago, Ediciones Alerce (published by the *Sociedad de Escritores de Chile*, with the help of the University), 1960. 54 p.

Misa de Réquiem (Mass for the Soul's Repose), by

Guillermo Blanco, whose work has more than once been referred to in these pages, has the background of cruelty and violence to which this author seems rather addicted, and which might almost suggest a touch of sadism were it not so manifestly used to throw into relief the ultimate and more serious purpose of his writing. The present tale of a priest who sees, standing at the back of the church, the murderer of his father and of his two brothers, and knows his own turn has come, might seem incredible to readers unacquainted with the remoter parts of Chile, where huge tracts of wild mountainous country are patrolled by a couple of policemen, and the tenant laborers on the great farming estates live under a system, still not far removed from feudalism, that breeds in all but the fiercest and most rebellious—like “El Negro” in *Misa de Réquiem*—a spirit of apathy and passive subjection. Idle, the priest well knows, to expect support from his parishioners, whose faces, set in stolid boredom, give no sign that the bandit and his five henchmen, motionless in the shadows by the door, have even been seen, much less recognized. But idle also to imagine that “El Negro” is there for any other purpose than the cold fulfillment of his vow to exterminate the whole family of the “patrón” who once affronted his manhood, or that he has any other reason for not shooting at once than his desire to kill at least one of them whimpering and cringing on the ground, like a cur; “and I,” the priest thinks, “am his last hope.” That satisfaction at any rate he will try not to give. And his voice, automatically uttering the familiar words, picking up the cues droned by the sacristan in his mutilated Latin, flows on with professional serenity above the turbulent undertow of fear, and illogical hope, and love of life, and family pride, of frantic searching after complete honesty with himself and with God; the struggle for courage to face not merely death, but his own inner truth, and the anguished hope that it may prove to be strength, not weakness, love, not hate.

Guillermo Blanco has the merit of attempting nothing that is too far beyond his reach. His writing is crystal clear; he does not plunge into the abstractions and obscurities which the “stream-of-consciousness” technique so often abuses. Nor does he try, like many of his contemporaries, to spin a story out of nothing. He has, of course, his faults of style—occasional careless repetitions, perhaps at times a tendency to labor an explanation where implication might have been more effective—but in general, his use of words is trenchant and expressive (the priest, for instance, remembers a nightmare ride to look for his brother’s body, “under a heaven black and impenetrable as a ‘No’”). Above all, the construction of this story is satisfying. The fusion of the images of present fear with the memory of past terrors is neatly used to convey the necessary background knowledge; the flow of the secret undercurrent checks and veers with each successive phase of the Mass (particularly impressive is the transmutation of the Gloria into a torrent of unclerical and unchristian defiance); and both kinds of suspense, the outward and the inward, are skillfully maintained to the very last word.

ENJAMBRE, by Efraín Barquero. Santiago, Empresa Editora Zig-Zag, 1959. 121 p.

Like Eliana Wachholtz, the poet Efraín Barquero pays tribute in his new book, *Enjambre* (Swarm), to the life-giving might and insistence of the Chilean sun. “It was a wild land,” he says of his native Tierras de Piedra Blanca, “its womb forever filled by the sun, a red and dusky sun that made men sway on their feet” . . . a land of violent, of implacable fecundity, where the swarming life from which this volume of poems takes its title seemed symbolized in the stormy golden cloud of bees that blotted out the sun and hushed the river. In the first two sections of the book, however—“Estirpe [Stock]” and “Miel de Azahares [Orange Blossom Honey],” which portray the country folk and places whence the poet comes—the word *enjambre* is a leitmotiv with many variations. It is the mysterious and multifold inheritance tingling in the blood of the boy born in that land of bee-loud groves of orange blossoms, but it is also time, whose crowding instants round him up and dominate and disperse him. It stands for all the long lines of teeming generations that silently and patiently tilled the soil, one succeeding another so that death was no more than a river whose steady flow revealed new families of children, new tracts of land unsown. It stands for the beekeepers as well as for the bees—the fifteen stalwart sons (among them the poet’s own father, whose “harsh tenderness” inspires “Tallo de Cordo,” one of the most charming poems in the book) who in their youth filled the old house with noise and movement, like a flock of peewits, heralds of the rain, or a flight of cherry-thieving thrushes, although when Efraín was a boy they were already relatively old. “I was born,” he says, “when the autumn bonfires were burning, and the first things I remember are the voices of river and earth.” And while the “swarm” represents for him the myriad pricklings of the sensitive skin of adolescence, it also signifies the singleness and the diffuseness of wise old age, as he knew it in his grandfather, who for him *was* the river and the earth, and who held in the curve of his hands the very shape of creation.

This collection of poems includes two other parts, “Canción de la Ciudad [Song of the City],” and “El Invitado [The Bidden Guest],” the latter imbued with wonder at the mysteries and paradoxes of his baby son’s existence, familiar and strange, “Like my own presence when I am asleep. Like the remoteness of my own still hands.” On the whole, it represents a great technical advance since *La Compañera*, which I reviewed in my book round-up in October 1957. The sincerity, conciseness and simplicity are still present. But his range of subjects is much wider, his description more graphic, his imagery richer, more varied, more adventurous; and he has learned to make effective use of the “prose poem,” a form always difficult to handle without giving the impression that it is a mere evasion of the disciplines of verse.

Dorothy Hayes de Huneeus is AMÉRICAS regular literary correspondent in Chile. The illustrations are by Francisco Huneeus.

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Over the Andes and Along the Amazon Estuardo Núñez Mar 27

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Something Worth Saving William J. Murtagh Apr 8
Summer of Science, A Flora L. Phelps Nov 16
Yellowstone: A Wilderness Preserved Mark Boesch Jun 27

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Inside back cover	Kurt Paul Klagsbrunn



Letters

CONGRESS OF ENGINEERING STUDENTS

The first Latin American Congress of Engineering Students will be held in Pôrto Alegre, Brazil, in July, 1961, under the auspices of the Center for University Students of Engineering. A representative will be invited from every school of engineering in the Latin American countries. Those who wish to register or to receive further information may write to:

Comissão Organizadora do I Congresso Latino-Americano de Estudantes de Engenharia
Centro de Estudantes Universitários
Praça Argentina
Pôrto Alegre, Rio Grande do Sul—
Brasil

Joal Teitelbaum
President of the Council
Roberto Tcherkezian
Secretary General

LATIN AMERICAN STUDIES

I would greatly appreciate the inclusion of the following announcement in AMÉRICAS:

A Graduate Program in Latin American Studies has been instituted at Louisiana State University. The program offers the Master of Arts Degree with a thesis or a non-thesis option with the following areas of concentration: Anthropology, Finance-Economics, Geography, Government, History, Sociology, and Latin American Literature. The program is intended to (1) prepare the student for a non-academic career in government, business, or foreign service and (2) to equip the student to continue his graduate work in his chosen area of concentration. Inquiries should be addressed to Graduate Program in Latin American Studies, 150 Himes

Hall, Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge 3, Louisiana.

J. V. D. Saunders
Assistant Professor of Rural Sociology
Baton Rouge, La.

SOME VISITING NEIGHBORS

My wife and two sons—ages 8 and 12—are contemplating an extended motor trip down the Pan American Highway through Mexico, Central America, and on to Santiago, Chile. We would like to correspond with families who live in the countries along this route. I am an ordained minister of the Episcopal Church and a member of Rotary Club. I would like to be able to visit Rotary clubs along the way. My wife is especially interested in flower gardening. My sons would like to be able to correspond with boys their own age. The older boy is a collector of coins while the younger one collects stamps.

It is through AMÉRICAS magazine that we have come to know our Latin American neighbors and have come to a point where we would really like to see how they live and work. We feel that such a trip as we are planning will be of great help to our sons not only in their school work now but in the days when they become older and can understand more of the adult world.

Rev. W. Shelby Walthall
93 Second Street
Oakland, Maryland

PART OF ART

Was a letter left out in the title of the picture on page 13 of the October AMÉRICAS? The title is "A Large Reclining Nude" by Antonio Saura. I wonder if an "s" should be added to the nude. Anatomical details are somewhat lacking in this picture to my medical eye, but I do recognize two right hands.

H. W. Morgan, M. D.
Mason City, Iowa

Two right hands there are for one nude—the doctor is right—but they are placed where the feet should be, so it doesn't much matter whether they are right or left. After all, two rights do not make a wrong.

WRONG STADIUM

As a reader of your magazine AMÉRICAS, I

would like to make a correction in the article "Fabulous São Paulo" by George Meek in your August 1960 issue. The photograph with the caption "Part of São Paulo's population watches soccer match at Municipal Stadium," shows the Maracanã Stadium in Rio de Janeiro, 250 miles away.

Milfrede H. Baker
São Paulo, Brazil

We thank the Paulista reader for correcting our error. The stadium shown was Maracanã in Rio de Janeiro. For a better view of it see below, right. São Paulo's Municipal Stadium, to set the record straight, is shown at left.

JUNGLE DOCTOR

You will be pleased to know that as a result of the article on Dr. Binder ["Jungle Doctor in Peru," September AMÉRICAS], several donations were sent in to support his project, including a check for \$200.00 from a lady in Texas.

Dona Z. Meilach
Chicago, Illinois

SOME CONGRATULATIONS

I would like first of all to congratulate AMÉRICAS and all its contributors for the excellent material and quality in the magazine. It is helping Americans know one another better. . . . All good Americans should be grateful to the oas for the good it does and its efforts toward peace, exemplified in the recent San José Meetings. There democracy and peace triumphed, and the best part of it is that no conquered or wounded resulted.

I would like to congratulate the Ecuadorians wholeheartedly for their reforestation project, described in the July AMÉRICAS. It deserves everyone's admiration and support as both an activity of economic importance and an example of how a great newspaper has worked with other groups to succeed in an endeavor. I hope that many other countries, including my own, can witness a large reforestation like the one carried out in Ecuador. I am a twenty-year-old student and farmer and have lived all my life in the country, so I know how mountains are stripped, and left without replacing the trees, and water erodes and destroys the fertile land. . . .

Municipal Stadium, São Paulo



Maracanã Stadium, Rio de Janeiro



Also, I would like to congratulate Maude Muller, founder of Art for World Friendship (July AMÉRICAS), which is also worthy of the support of those who believe in peace and the future. . . . May the project continue, and be expanded if possible, because the more children get to know each other today, the more cooperative men of tomorrow will be, and the more men know each other in the future, the less the danger will be that in ignorance they will exterminate humanity. . . .

As a Uruguayan, I also appreciate the kind and true words about my country expressed by Britta Light of New York in her letter that appeared in the June 1959 issue.

José A. Sacco Pérez
Ciudad Pando, Canelones
Uruguay

COMPLAINT DEPARTMENT

Why is the Spanish edition of the magazine so late? I can and do make allowance for the distance, but when magazines are two to four months overdue, I will have to wonder about the lateness. All in all, the printer seems to be unable to turn out as good a copy as the American printer did formerly, and while I fully appreciate your wanting to send some of the printing business to Argentina, I think you should insist on a better job.

Odo B. Stade
Glendora, California

AMÉRICAS sincerely regrets the delays in the delivery of the Spanish edition. A protracted printer's strike in Buenos Aires held up printing of issues for the last part of 1960, and this was responsible for the greater than usual delay. An effort is being made to speed up delivery of that edition.

INTERNATIONAL EXCHANGES

Would you please publish my request to exchange postcards with collectors? My collection is now over a thousand. . . .

Juan Fernández Ibáñez
Fidel Pastor Carrillo, 2-3°
(B° Sagrada Familia)
Alicante, Spain

I am interested in exchanging stamps from all countries of the world. Would it be possible for you to give my address to your readers interested in this sort of exchange?

Philippe Margot
Quai de la Veveyse 6
Vevey, Switzerland

I am interested in contacting any of your many readers who have access to, and would be interested in trading, ancient Indian artifacts—arrow and spear points, knives, scrapers, and other various tools.

I would, and I will trade any obtainable item, or items, for the above Indian artifacts.

All replies or inquiries in English or Spanish will be answered promptly.

C. M. McLoughlin
c/o Plymouth Oil Co.
P.O. Box 18
Douglas, Wyoming

PUERTO RICAN EDUCATION

I would like to congratulate you on the fine reporting in "Puerto Rico Goes Ahead" by George Meek in the October issue of AMÉRICAS.

During the past year I held the position of Director, Educational and Laboratory Studies Division, at the Inter-American University of Puerto Rico, in San Germán, Puerto Rico. During this time I had the opportunity of visiting many of the schools throughout the island and of becoming personally acquainted with the many problems which are being faced in education, both public school and higher education alike. Perhaps I am too much of an optimist, but I think we, as well as the Puerto Ricans themselves, can take pride in the tremendous progress which is being made in the field of education, although there are still areas which I believe need attention and improvement.

Frank R. Albert
Dean, The Texarkana College
Texarkana, Texas

MUSIC CENTER ASSEMBLY

I would like to call your readers' attention

to the Second General Assembly of the Inter-American Music Center (CIDEM) to be held in San Juan, Puerto Rico, December 8-12. The Center was created in 1956 as a result of a recommendation by the Second Meeting of the Inter-American Cultural Council.

The Assembly will work toward the establishment of specialized organizations such as an Inter-American Archive of Traditional Music, an Inter-American Institute of Music Education, an Archive of Music Documentation, and an Institute of Music Research. It will also analyze the feasibility of developing a series of programs in collaboration with the International Music Council, sponsored by UNESCO.

Immediately following this Assembly, which is jointly sponsored by the Department of State of the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico and the Institute of Puerto Rican Culture, the Inter-American Conference of Specialists in Music Education will be held at the Inter-American University at San Germán, Puerto Rico.

Guillermo Espinosa
Chief, Music Division
Pan American Union

MAIL BAG

The following correspondents seek pen pals throughout the Hemisphere. Readers requesting this service must apply individually, print their names and addresses, and be able to write in at least two of the OAS languages (English, Spanish, Portuguese, and French), shown below by initials; students should say whether they are of high-school (H) or college (C) level. Stamp collectors are indicated by an asterisk.

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ian)
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—C
11821 Durrette
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Avenida Manuel Rodríguez 993
San Fernando, Colchagua, Chile

The Organization of American States unites the twenty-one republics of the Western Hemisphere for the common purpose of maintaining peace, freedom, security, and welfare of all Americans. The member states are: Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, the United States, Uruguay, and Venezuela.

The OAS had its inception in 1890 during the First International Conference of American States, which met in Washington. Today, it operates through a large number of different agencies and institutions throughout the Hemisphere, all contributing to the common objective of preserving the peace and security of the member states and promoting, by cooperative action, their economic, social, and cultural development.

The Pan American Union, central permanent organ and General Secretariat of the OAS, has its headquarters in Washington, D.C. Called "The House of the Americas," its main building of white marble, with its tropical patio and Aztec Garden, is visited each year by thousands of Americans from all parts of the Western Hemisphere. Pan American Day is celebrated annually throughout the Americas on April 14th.



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AN APPRAISAL

EDITED BY
MAURY A. BROMSEN

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Washington 6, D. C., U. S. A.



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